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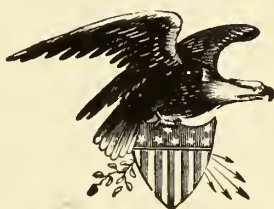
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HISTORY *of* AMBULANCE COMPANY No. 161



A. E. F., 1917-1919

1919

WELSH-RICHARDS CO., INC., PRINTERS
ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON

EDITOR'S NOTE

This historical review of our Company in the World's War is the idea of our Commanding Officer, Captain John B. Kinne, whose persistence in advocating a written account resulted in a committee being appointed to outline a book. These men were directed and encouraged by him till the book could not fail, and the Editor wishes to express his appreciation and obligation to the committee who were so kind to give their time and sacrifice their leisure during the time of the preparation of the book. The committee was composed of John Schell, John Milman, John Faulds, Ernest Halliday and Robert Maltby. The editor also wishes to express his thanks to the many contributors who wrote interesting articles, among whom are John Kennelly, Ernest Hatch, William Morrison, Russel Mullin, James Ward, Fred Miller, Elwyn Waddle, Thomas Hannibal and Frank Kalb. The Editor would be very ungrateful if he failed to acknowledge the kindly criticisms of Wm. E. Whitlock, John B. Kinne and Adam Faris, and he also wishes to thank Adam Faris for his great help in the business management of the book. Others who have helped in some way may have been overlooked, but not intentionally. Owing to the unsettled state of labor and the uncertainty of prices the publication of the book was greatly delayed, but this factor will be considered by those who have been so kind as to make the book possible.

MILTON P. GRAHAM, M. D.

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HISTORY OF AMBULANCE COMPANY, 161

ROSTER, WITH ADDRESSES

DEDICATION

To the loving memory of the four brave soldiers of Ambulance Company 161 whose whole souled devotion and self sacrifice to a just and living principle of Freedom caused them to throw their lives in the balance to maintain the equilibrium of a world torn wth dissension and athirst with avarice for power and dominion of the universe, we respectfully dedicate this book. Civilization shall never forget those lads who sleep beneath the turf in France in order that mankind may be free and slavery of nations shall not exist.

HONORED DEAD

GEORGE KUHN

J. J. MOONEY

OTTO KINTZI

JOSEPH GREEN

GREETING

The object of this little book is not to add to the already overburdened field of literature, but rather to record, lest we forget them, the several experiences of those of us who met together and as a unit, did our part in the great struggle for right and justice. So it is with affection and tribute that we have devoted our best energies to the compiling of this record: Affection for our organization and tribute to those who so wisely and carefully guided us through the trying and perilous times naturally incident to the career of an active unit on the great battle front in France. So, as the years slip by, and time throws her rosy glow over our adventure, casting into shadows the hardships and privations and bringing into strong relief the pleasures of comradeship we have had, we hope that those who figure in this short record may find an ever increasing pleasure in turning to these pages and recalling incidents which were about to slip over the brink of forgetfulness, and will remember with a warming heart, the old Company and their stay in the pleasant land of France.

THE COMMITTEE.



OFFICERS

1 CAPT. JOHN B. KINNE, M. C.

2. CAPT. WM. E. WHITLOCK, M. C.

3 CAPT. MILTON P. GRAHAM, M. C.

4 2ND LT. ADAM FARIS, S. C.

OFFICERS

Captain John B. Kinne, M. C., first entered his military career as a private in Co., "B", 1st N. Dak. Vol. Infantry and served from May, 1898 to Sept. 1899 in the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor on May 6, 1899, for specially meritorious bravery in action at Tarbon Bridge, P. I. At this time he was a member of Young's Scouts under Major General Henry W. Lawton. He was a member of a party who held a burning bridge against great odds and repulsed the attack of the enemy. In 1914-15 he was a member of the 4th Naval Reserve Corps at Aberdeen, Washington. On March 12, 1917, he was commissioned 1st Lt. Med. Corps in the Wash. Nat. Guard Reserve Corps; and was called into service at call of President on July 15, 1917, and assigned to duty Aug. 3, 1917, with the Washington Field Hospital then located at Camp Murray, Washington. On Oct. 5, 1917, he was assigned to Ambulance Co. 164 at Camp Greene, N. C., and on April 25, 1918, was given command of Ambulance Co. 161. He was promoted to Captain Nov. 11, 1918.

Capt. Kinne is a graduate of Fargo College, N. D., in class of 1903 and of Rush Medical College in Class of 1906. He served one year internship under Lt. Col. N. Senn, M. C., in Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, and has had four years' general practice in Newark Ill., and seven years' general and surgical contract practice in Aberdeen, Washington, besides being health officer for two years.

Capt. Wm. E. Whitlock, M. C., is a graduate of Cadet Clemson College in Class of '06 and a graduate of S. C. Medical College in 1910. He practiced medicine and surgery in Fort White, Fla., from 1910 to 1917. He was commissioned 1st Lt. M. R. C., June 27, 1917, and called into active service Aug. 24, 1917, at Med. Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. He was assigned to 41st Div. on Oct. 24, 1917, and reported as Surgeon of Remount Station Camp Greene, Charlotte. He remained there till Nov. 11, when he joined Ambulance Co. 164 at Camp Mills and went overseas with that company. On Feb. 20, 1918, he was assigned as instructor in First Corps Sanitary Troops School and after giving the soldiers he was to go through the war with much useful information and needed training, he was assigned to Ambulance Co. 161, where he remained with the exception of a few weeks detached service till the war was over and till he was relieved from duty at his own request and left for the United States while the company was stationed at Montigny Le Resle.

Captain Milton P. Graham was commissioned 1st Lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the 2nd N. D. National Guard on August 4, 1917, and assigned to duty at once. He served with many organizations but always made Ambulance Co. 161 his headquarters. He left for overseas service with the Ambulance Co. 164 of the 41st Division in December 1917 and served during the war with the following named organizations: 2nd N. Dak. Inf. Med. Detachment, Surgeon Motor Truck Co. No. 47, 164th Inf. Med. Detachment, 164th

Ambulance Co., 164th Field Hospital, 1st Corps Sanitary School, A. E. F., Field Hospital No. 3, Camp Infirmary No. 2, 1st Depot Division, Surgeon, Fourth Recruiting Battalion and Remount Station, District Surgeon, Fifth Dist., 1st Depot Division, 161 Ambulance Company, 13th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Hospital No. 42, Evacuation Hospital No. 1, and 323 Field Signal Battalion.

He is a graduate of University of North Dakota in 1913 and Rush Medical College in 1915 and practiced medicine and surgery in Carrington, North Dakota, before the war for one year.

Second Lieutenant Adam Faris came from Beach, N. D., with the company of National Guardsmen. His previous military experience made him a valuable man to the company in its early troublesome days.

He served as a private in Co. L, 1st N. D. Inf. from June 24, 1912, to June 23, 1915, and on Sept. 10, 1917 enlisted in Co. M. of 2nd N. Dak. Infantry. He was promoted to Sergeant Sept. 20, 1917, and has been receiving promotions rapidly ever since. He was made First Sergeant Co. M. Sept. 23, 1917. On Oct. 5, 1917, in order to stay with the company which had been turned into a medical department he was transferred as a private to Ambulance Co. 164 at Camp Greene. On Nov. 8, 1917, he was promoted to Sergeant 1st Cl. in Med. Dept. On April 1st, 1918, he was transferred to Training School for Sanitary Troops of 1st Army Corps and on May 1, 1918, he was awarded a certificate of proficiency as Sergeant, 1st Cl. Med. Dept. On May 2, 1918, he was transferred to Ambulance Co. 161 where he remained throughout the active period of the war. On Oct. 31, 1918, he was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant San. Corps and assigned to duty with his old company, remaining with them till company was demobilized at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

A FIELD AMBULANCE CO.

The work of a Field Ambulance Company is to collect the sick and wounded, to afford them temporary care and treatment and to transport them to the next sanitary unit in the rear. While in camp the company operates an ambulance service between regimental infirmaries and the field or other hospitals. Also when troops are on the march, ambulances are distributed along the line of troops for the purpose of supplying transportation to those who become unable to march. When in the field the ambulance companies work in two sections. One establishes and operates a dressing station and collects the wounded, and the other carries out the evacuation of the wounded.

The war strength of a field ambulance company consists of 122 enlisted men, including non-commissioned officers, and a commissioned staff of five officers. The company is divided into the following sections: Transportation, dressing station and litter bearers. The duties of these sections are outlined as follows:

TRANSPORTATION

The transportation section of a motor field ambulance company consists of twelve motor ambulances and one repair truck. Two men are assigned to each car, one as driver and the other as orderly. Their duties are to drive the car and keep the ambulance in good running order, making all minor repairs possible themselves. The twelve ambulances are divided into platoons, generally three platoons. Each platoon is in charge of a sergeant and in traveling from place to place these platoons travel at a prescribed distance apart.

When the ambulances are working in the field, each platoon under its sergeant is generally stationed at the regimental and first aid stations and their work is to transport the sick and wounded from these stations to the field hospitals. It is during these trips from these stations to the field hospitals that the ambulances run the risk of danger, for they are within the range of the enemy's artillery fire and aeroplane attacks; also, one is liable to meet enemy raiding parties for in most cases these aid stations are set up as near the front as they can be in order to handle as quickly as possible all cases to be dressed or redressed for transportation to the rear. It is the duty of the driver and orderly to know the condition of each case they are transporting, so that should the emergency arise, they will have some idea as to what to do to make the patient comfortable, then again in cases of severe fractures, the driving of an ambulance over rough roads is to be considered, for the benefit of the patient. In cases of compound fractures the possibilities of hemorrhage are great and this is one of the dangers to be avoided.

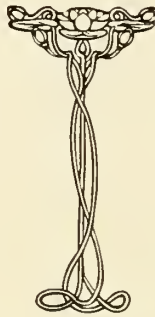
In cases where the first aid stations are in such locations that the roads to and from them are visible to the enemy the evacuation of patients is carried on during the night. The night driving becomes dangerous owing to the fact that no lights are allowed and generally the traffic over these roads is pretty heavy with marching troops and ammunition and supply trucks, and the roads often extremely dark due to tall trees or heavy camouflage.

FIRST AID STATIONS

In selecting the location of a dressing station it is most important that every advantage be taken of any natural shelter. To a large extent the distance of the stations from the firing line depends on the shelter which the terrain affords, and again the nearer the firing line the safer it will be from dropping projectiles. These dressing stations are operated by the men of the ambulance company in charge of a non-commissioned officer. They are generally little more than places for assembling the wounded for necessary treatment, which in most cases is limited to first aid and the readjustment of bandages, occasionally however, it may be necessary to ligate an artery or perform an emergency operation, before the patients are evacuated to the hospitals. These first aid stations may remain in the same location for long periods and be equipped with all the necessities of a usual operating room or they may be merely the fly of a tent in some trees or as in most cases in the war they were located in stone houses or dugouts.

LITTER BEARERS

Litter bearers are used to carry the sick, wounded and dead from where they fall in the field or are first taken sick to temporary shelter, dressing stations, or hospitals. A litter squad may be made up of two or four men and four men with one non-commissioned officer were often used in the steep hills and mountainous passes where the distance of transportation by litter was often from one to three miles and all of the time transportation had to be carried on during the night when darkness threw out the only protection from shell fire and sniping. In many cases litter bearers were left to their own ingenuity as they were isolated from their stations and were required to crawl along for long distances through crooked trenches before they arrived at the nearest point to the wounded man and then leave the trench and trust to luck while they stole across No Man's Land and got the poor unfortunate soldier. This was very hard, tedious, and dangerous work as the enemy considered any able bodied man an enemy and especially so because the good work of the medical department was the cause of returning so many back to the firing line. Ordinary rules of warfare were not observed and a litter bearer was legitimate prey in the eyes of the Boche.



“COMRADES TRUE”

With snow as white as that without,
His stately brow was crowned.
His palsied hands, he reached them out,
And filled a glass, with thanks devout,
Youth's strength in wine refound.

His dreamy eyes turned towards the light
The glowing embers cast.
He braced himself with feeble might
The weight of years took speedy flight,
His breath came short and fast.

“I've made my goal, I'm a success,
My safe is filled with gold.
I've held my own in push and press,
In times of stringent business stress,
As on the years have rolled.”

“I've made my way up to the top,
I guess my race is run,
And now that I have come to stop,
My worldly cares been forced to drop,
What have I really done?”

“Look ye around my great estate,
What think ye I most prize,
The baubles dross of silver plate,
The brassy jewels of modern date?
No value in them lies!”

“Ah, yes, that rusty helmet there,
That gun beside the hearth,
Mean more to me than diamonds rare,
Or pictures fine or statues fair,
Or anything on earth!”

“For they review the fading past,
The treasure house supreme.
The friends made 'neath the cannon's blast,
The kind of pals that always last,
How near to me they seem!”

The old man ceased, his breath was cold,
His straining hands were clasped,
His memory in pageant bold
The year in France before him rolled,
A story from the past.

“What e’er I’ve been, what e’er I’ll do,
This life’s best part of me,
Was when I made old friends of new,
With those real men the chosen few,
Who sailed across the sea.”

He raised his glass with shaking hand,
“A toast I’ll drink to you,
You were the men, come from the land
Where fires of freedom first were fanned,
To save mankind anew.”

“You were the vanguard seaward sent,
To face the Hun accursed.
Where shrapnel screeched ’twas there you went,
In aid of those whose blood was spent,
The Hundred-Sixty-First.”

“Here’s to the Hundred-Sixty-One,
Who played a soldier’s part,
The same in war and work and fun,
Each brave and true, from what source come.
Each one a manly heart.”

He pressed his hand upon his breast,
His lips were cold and blue,
And as his soul seeks final rest,
Comes on the air from out the west,
The echo of “Tattoo.”

—CLARK MORRISON.

LORRAINE

(Near Frapelle)

When the war broke out in August 1914, the eastern frontier of France was for a short time the scene of some active and hard fighting. However, attention was soon turned to the north where the German army had broken through Belgium and was fast approaching Paris; and for four years the eastern frontier of France—the Vosges Sector, as it was commonly called—saw little or no fighting. It was used as a rest sector by both the French and the Germans, and there seemed to be a “gentlemen’s agreement” between the two armies not to start any hard fighting in that sector. This peaceful state of affairs soon changed when the Americans came. They were put in the Vosges sector to train and to get experience in modern warfare; and experience they intended to get. Every German soldier killed and every foot of ground gained brought the end of the war that much closer; and with that idea in mind, they went into the trenches.

On Saturday morning, August 17th, 1918, the 6th Infantry of the 5th Division attacked and took Frapelle, a village to the east of St. Die which had been held by the Germans since the start of the war. This was the first operation of any importance in this sector and even Ludendorf mentioned in it his official communique. In spite of enemy counter-attacks and heavy artillery fire the Americans were successful in holding their new positions.

At this time our company was billeted in Raon L’Etape to the north of St. Die. Tuesday evening, August 20th, we were called upon to send relief to the 29th Ambulance Company stationed near Frapelle. Thirty five of us, including the sergeant in charge, were detailed to go. We proceeded to St. Die where we spent the night and the following morning. After lunch the next day (August 21st) twenty-seven of us were taken up to the front in a truck, eight men having been left behind for duty at the gas hospital in St. Die. Our destination was a dressing station near Frapelle, located at the top of a heavily wooded hill just back of the trenches.

After a short delay we were assigned to our dug-outs and while waiting for the troops occupying them to move out so that we could move in, we sat in the shade of nearby pine trees. Occasionally a few shells whistled by overhead on their way toward the German lines, and Fritz would reply in kind. Most of the latter burst on the opposite side of the hill and we felt no danger. Furthermore, most of us had been up to the front before and shell fire was not a new experience with us. We had been sitting around talking and laughing for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes: several had strolled off to examine a nearby reserve trench; two or three others had fallen asleep; one was calmly perched on a box of hand grenades; when suddenly, without warning, we heard a shrill whistle followed immediately by a deafening explosion in our very midst. The air was filled for an instant with flying pebbles and dirt. With one accord and without the formality of, waiting for the next fellow, everyone rushed for the dugouts. All speed records for the distance were then and there broken. Before all could crowd through the narrow entrances, there came another terrific explosion and those still remaining outside lost no time

in pushing their way into the dugouts. Once inside we put on our gas-masks and helmets; we also lowered the gas curtains in the entrances to the dugouts, for we had seen a white vapor that looked very much like gas. The thought that we were surrounded by a poisonous gas was not very pleasant. However, our fear of gas was groundless, for we afterwards discovered that the white vapor we had seen was simply smoke from the high explosive shells, and not gas at all.

The shells continued to arrive, and each one exploded with a terrific crash and roar, the dugout shook and quivered. Even the fact that we were protected by a thick layer of logs and earth was not very reassuring. At the end of five minutes—it seemed much longer—the shelling ceased and cautiously, one by one, we went outside to see what damage had been done. Until then we had thought that everyone had succeeded in reaching the dugouts in safety. So our surprise and horror on finding three of our comrades lying out there dead and another seriously wounded can hardly be imagined. Poor fellows, not more than five minutes before they had been laughing and talking with the rest of us, entirely unconscious of danger. And now they were dead. That such a tragedy could happen in so short a time was hard to believe. It sobered us all; we realized that it was due to the hand of Providence that more of us had not received the same fate. We immediately dressed the one who was wounded and set him to St. Die in an ambulance. He died before arriving at the hospital. Another one of the boys who had been slightly wounded in the ear was also sent back in the ambulance. That left twenty-two of us still at the post on duty.

The next hour was spent in cleaning up around the dugouts and putting things in order. We carried the bodies of our three comrades over to the little cemetery near the dressing station. They had evidently been killed instantly by the first shell. Several of the packs were literally shot to pieces. One of the boys had been sitting on his helmet when the explosion came; it was knocked from under him, and when he next found it it was badly dented. However, he had not been scratched. Another had his helmet pierced by a small piece of shell fragment which knocked it off his head. He was not hurt himself. All the shells had exploded within fifty feet of the dugouts. One large pine had been squarely hit and cut off about four feet above the ground. This tree luckily stood directly in front of one of the dugouts and prevented the shell from exploding in the entrance, which might have had serious consequences for those within. Another pine had been hit about twenty feet above the base; the top part dropped straight to the ground planting itself beside its own trunk and giving the appearance of two trees growing side by side. At four thirty we went down to one of the nearby kitchens for supper. It was a mere formality; no one enjoyed that meal and most of it was thrown, untouched, into a nearby G. I. can.

That evening Lieutenant Kinne arrived in one of the ambulances to take the bodies back to St. Die for burial. It was a beautiful night, clear and bright, with a full moon slowly rising above the hills to the east. Excepting for some artillery fire and occasionally the bursting of shells nearby, the night was still and quiet. The little procession, which was to escort the bodies to the ambulance, formed at the cemetery. A large American flag was draped over the caskets, and the procession moved forward. Perhaps it was a mere coinci-

dence, perhaps not, but immediately all firing ceased and not another shell burst until after the little ceremony held by the chaplain had ended. It was a solemn but impressive scene, as we stood there in the moonlight with bared heads listening to the words of the chaplain. It was a sad occasion and will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. After the ceremony we returned to our dugouts and tried to get some sleep, but with little success.

Shortly before twelve o'clock that same evening an order came for a detail of thirteen men, including a sargeant, to report to the dressing station. We reported as instructed and received orders to go out into No Man's Land after two bodies that had lain there since the first attack on Saturday morning—five days before. Ours was the fifth party to go after them; four others had attempted and failed. A guide from one of the infantry companies was appointed to go with us; and at midnight, with the full moon shining directly overhead, we left the dressing station—fourteen in all, including the guide.

Proceeding in single file, Indian fashion, we followed a path through the woods over the hill toward the trenches. Once we stopped; shells were bursting just ahead of us; we waited until the firing ceased and then went on. Arriving at the bottom of the hill we crossed the little ravine and entered the communicating trench leading to the front. This was a deep trench and in fairly good condition. In some places it was covered with boards or logs and this gave us an additional feeling of security. No sooner had we reached the front line trench than Fritz began placing high explosive and shrapnel shells uncomfortably close by, and for the time being we took refuge in a nearby dug-out. Again we started out, soon leaving the front line trench and entering No Man's Land. We followed an old trench which had been so badly shelled that it was then little better than a ditch. Our progress from then on was more slow. In order not to expose ourselves to snipers it was necessary to bend as low as possible when walking—just like we used to do down at Thesee when we practiced "low trench" exercises. The guide proceeded slowly and cautiously ahead, with his automatic pistol cocked and ready for action. The rest of us were not armed, and it was just as well that we didn't run into an enemy scouting patrol; the consequences would perhaps not have been pleasant. Notwithstanding all our precautions to keep from being seen, enemy lookouts must have seen us and followed our progress, for during the next hour and a half we were shelled several times.

It offers one a splendid chance to reflect on his past life while he is crouched down in the bottom of a trench listening to shells scream through the air toward him and then explode with a deafening crash only a few feet away. Unless one has had an experience of the kind, it is rather hard to imagine just how it feels. It is, to say the least, rather thrilling. No sooner would one explode than another would come whistling on its way and it was always a matter for speculation just where it might land. Pleasant thoughts!

However, there were no casualties and at last, after an exciting half hour in No Man's Land, we reached our destination in front of the German barbed wire. In the meantime four of the boys, including the sergeant, had become separated from us and so there were only ten left, including the guide. We could see the enemy's trenches on the side of the hill just opposite us. The bodies lay about forty feet down the hillside from where we were, and directly toward the German positions. Getting those bodies back to our protecting

ditch was a rather ticklish job. For, in order to accomplish the task, it was necessary to crawl down to them in plain view of the enemy, then drag them back up to the ditch again. A machine gun or shrapnel shell properly placed would have finished us all, so in order to lessen the danger, we divided into two sections, and worked in shifts. It was a short job, but we breathed a sigh of relief when we had finished. The bodies had been laying there for five days in the hot sun, and, needless to say, they were in a bad state of decomposition. It was a gruesome sight and the smell was nauseating, so Fritz was probably glad enough to have them out of sight. At any rate, we were not bothered until after we had the bodies back in the ditch and placed on litters. Then immediately a battery of 77's opened up on us and for five minutes we had to lay low and hope for the best. Fifty-five shells were fired that time.

The progress during the next two hours was slow and difficult. Carrying loaded litters through crooked narrow trenches is not as easy as it sounds. In the first place the trenches are only a few inches wider than the litters and in our case were frequently filled with boulders and debris. In the second place, the trenches do not run in a straight line, but make right angle turns every few yards. This twisting is for the purpose of increasing the protection against shrapnel shells. To take a seven-foot litter around these sharp turns it is very difficult. The inner side of the litter must be lowered and the outerside raised so as to decrease the apparent width; and in making the turn the litter bearers, unless they wear gloves, are almost sure to have the skin scraped off of their hands by rubbing against the sides of the trench. Unfortunately, we had no gloves. And lastly, a loaded litter weighs about two hundreds pounds, and this dead weight dragging on the arms soon wears a man out. The nine men who helped to carry the litters that night all agreed that it was the hardest and most exhausting work they ever did. Add to that the fact that we were continually under an intense nervous strain and you have a fair idea of what we underwent during the next two hours.

Foot by foot, yard by yard, we proceeded taking turns at carrying the litters. We had not carried the bodies more than a hundred yards when one of the stretcher bearers noticed that something was dragging from one of the litters and that it frequently caught on obstacles underneath. An examination was made and it was found to be a sack of hand grenades! Needless to say, it was soon cut off and disposed of. Such things are not toys to be trifled with. Frequently we stopped to get our breath and have a short rest. It was during these rests that we were bothered by the smell from the bodies; it was nauseating. We went on. Our hands became scratched and torn. Several times during our progress, the enemy added to our troubles by sending a few shrapnel shells in our direction. We became so proficient in protecting ourselves from shell fire that each of us could almost double up in a knot small enough to be entirely covered by our helmets. At least, that was our aim, but the helmets were entirely too small for our needs. In some places the trench was filled with debris; and in order to get past, it was necessary to climb out of the trench and go around. We kept on and on, becoming weaker the farther we went. A doubt was beginning to creep into our minds as to whether or not the guide was following the right course. He had attempted to go back by a different trench than the one we had gone out by, thinking thereby to save time. It was an old unused trench practically destroyed in many places by

artillery fire, and was not as good as the one we had used on the way out. Certainly it did not seem as short. Daybreak was approaching and it was necessary that we be back before it became light enough for the enemy's snipers to spot us. We kept on perspiring, breathless, exhausted. To add to our troubles our canteens were dry and our mouths were parched with thirst. Our doubt in our guide increased, but we said nothing. Finally at a quarter to four, just three-quarters of an hour before daybreak, the guide stopped. He asked us to wait while he went ahead to explore the way. In a few minutes he returned.

"Fellows," he said, "I guess we are lost. I must have taken the wrong trench." This was truly alarming news. After discussing our position for several minutes, we came to the conclusion that in order to make better speed we would have to leave the bodies behind and retrace our steps as best we could. Daylight was approaching and we were lost, whether in our own territory or somewhere out in No Man's Land, we could not be sure. So we turned back. When we reached the front line trench again, we took the old communicating trench that we had used on the way out, and in due time reached the ravine at the bottom of the hill. On the way back we found the four boys who had been detached from the party on the way out. It seems that they had been in the rear of the column and had taken refuge in a dugout while some shells were exploding nearby. When they came out, the rest of us had gone on, and, although they tried their best to find us, they were unsuccessful.

When we arrived at the dressing station at daybreak and reported to the officer in charge, we described as well as we could where we had left the bodies. To our surprise, he told us that if we had only kept on a few hundred feet farther we would have come out at the edge of the woods! But at his suggestion we returned to our dugouts to get some well earned rest, and we had no trouble in sleeping the sleep of the just.

That afternoon (Thursday, August 22nd) eight of us were picked to go and bring in the bodies the rest of the way. Again we went over the hill and entered the communicating trench. This time the guide attempted to take a short cut and while we were crawling along on our hands and knees through a shallow trench we stirred up some old mustard gas. The guide, who had been in the lead, was slightly gassed, and, as the rest of us felt a burning in the nose and throat, we turned back. We carried the guide to the dugout at the edge of the woods where he was given proper attention, and then proceeded back to the dressing station to report. Later in the afternoon another detail, this time of only four men, in charge of an infantry officer, who knew where the bodies lay and how to get there, went out and succeeded in bringing them in the rest of the way. They had no trouble on the way, but when they started back they attracted the enemy's attention and brought several shells whistling towards them. Otherwise they had no trouble, for it was almost dark, and in the dusk they were evidently unnoticed.

We slept without being disturbed that night. The next morning we left our post and returned to the company at Raon L'Etape. Several weeks later we read the announcement in the paper that Sergeants Wallace Green and Cornelius Fredericks had been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross posthumously. They had been killed while cutting the enemy's wire, and from the citations we recognized them as being the ones we had carried in from No Man's Land.

That ends the story of our experiences near Frapelle. Four of our comrades now lie in the graveyard at St. Die and it is that fact alone that lessens out satisfaction as we look back on the experiences we went through during those forty-eight hours—glad that we had succeeded where others had failed, and glad of a chance to do our small part on one of the battlefronts of the Great War.



OFFICIAL REPORT

* * * *

Disease, Wounded, Deaths and Killed In Action

HEADQUARTERS AMBULANCE COMPANY NUMBER 161

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE. FIRST CORPS SANITARY TRAIN

23 March, 1919.

FROM: Commanding Officer, Ambulance Co. No. 161, 1st Corps San Tr.

TO: Commanding General, 1st Army Corps, American E. F., France.

SUBJECT: Detailed information and verbatim reports about killed, died and missing.

1. In compliance with Memorandum No. 77, Headquarters 1st Army Corps, 17 March 1919, the following information regarding killed, died and missing from Ambulance Company No. 161 is hereby submitted. No information regarding any other soldiers is available:

(a) Killed in action:

George H. Kuhn, PFC (4440). Nearest relative, Henry Kuhn, Beach, N. D.

John J. L. Mooney, Pvt. (4374). Nearest relative, Joseph A. Mooney, 2119 So. 10th St., St. Joseph, Missouri.

Joseph I. Green, Pvt. (2314142). Nearest relative, Ira Green Waxahachie, Texas.

Otto Kintzi, Pvt. (4444). Nearest relative, Henry Kintzi, Route A, Box 301, Reedly, California.

(b) On August 22, 1918 a detail of twenty-five men from Ambulance Company No. 161, on service with 5th Division, was sent to a Dressing Station, Lorraine, in the Vosges sector out from St. Die, and near Frapelle, being about seven kilometers northeast of St. Marguerite, Vosges, relieving litter bearers from Ambulance Company No. 29. The detail arrived at the dressing station about 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, and the sergeant in charge reported to the Major in command of the station. The detail was sent to an indicated dug out which was situated in the side of a hill near a large grove of trees. The boys put their packs down and sat in the sun, outside the dug out. While sitting around about 4:00 p. m., a shell dropped near where the boys were. They ran to the dug out. There were about nine shells dropped near the dugout. As soon as the shelling was over, the roll was called, finding four men missing as follows: George H. Kuhn, John J. L. Mooney, Joseph I. Green and Otto Kintzi. Investigation was made and George Kuhn was found dead sitting against a large tree with a hole in his head where a piece of shell had hit him. Green was lying about fifty feet down the hill and was blown almost in two parts—apparently a direct hit. Mooney was lying right in front of the dugout, dead. There were no shell marks on him. It was presumed the concussion of shells killed him. Kintzi, when found, was lying a short distance from Green and was still alive and groaning. He had a wound in the abdomen about six inches long and also a wound in the left shoulder. He was carried to the dugout and his wounds dressed with first aid appliances. Kintzi was then carried to the dressing station and sent immediately to the hospital at St. Die (Vosges). He died enroute to the hospital. The bodies of the three boys were carried to the dressing station and there the Chaplain took charge and put them in coffins. That evening the commanding officer, Captain John B. Kinne came out with an ambulance and took the bodies to St. Die for burial, where they, together with the body of Pvt. Kintzi, were buried the next day with military honors. The witnesses are,

Sgt. John K. Kennelly (4296).

PFC. John Flanagan (4349).

Pvt. Russell B. Mullin (4375).

PFC. Henry R. Handtmann (4352).

All of this organization.

(c) Died in hospital, Dec. 30, 1917.

Corporal Fred M. Grube (no number). Nearest relative, Mrs. Fred M. Grube, Dawson, North Dakota.

The above named deceased soldier, evacuated from sick bay on the ship "Antigone" to the Base Hospital No. 1, at St. Nazaire. No member of this organization was with the deceased when he died. Was seen by the following members of this command on the ship before evacuation:

Sgt. John K. Kennelly (4296).

PFC. Robert C. Maltby (4321).

Pvt. Frederick A. Miller (4371).

Pvt. Elenor W. Murdock (4372).

Signed: Milton P. Graham.

Captain, Medical Corps Command-
ing, for and in the absence of Capt.
J. B. Kinne, M. C.

In this above named action Corporal Wm. Morrison was slightly wounded by a piece of shrapnel passing through his ear. Harry Salzman died of pneumonia in La Courtine, France after being transferred from the company.

HISTORICAL PLACES SEEN AND VISITED BY OUR COMPANY

To neglect the monumental evidences of history, with their local traditions, such as were our privileges, in the paun-like movements of our company, to see, would be an oversight, so here following we try to include those most prominent and of the greatest common interest to all.

Romsey, England—It was on one of our morning marches during the Yuletide week in merry England, as we came to "company front," that our attention was turned from the busy and quaint looking shops, red brick buildings and garbled houses, to the cold abruptness of the gray stone wall of Romsey Abby.

The atmosphere of greater age than we had before known had been impressed on us during the march and the ancient cemetery with mouldering graves and the ivy hung walls of the old abby deepened that impression. Here before us was a building that was built in 919. It had been Catholic property until the religious wars shook England, and it was then seized by Henry VIII, who later sold it for a hundred pounds, Sterling (\$486.65). It has since been used for worship by the Episcopalians, or the Church of England. Interiorly the simple but massive architecture lends solemnity and grandeur to the structure.

In a room adjoining the main body of the abby and where the parish records are kept, we saw the signature of Kaiser Wilhelm, who had visited this place in nineteen hundred and seven. Here, too, we were told as in fitting prologue to our work as ambulance men, that the home of Florence Nightengale was about two miles distant from this place.

La Courtine—A crisp, clear morning, with snow-clad hills and sparkling stars, was the welcome to this, our picturesque, four weeks home in central France. A week's familiarity with the French artillery barracks showed us signs of broken windows and battered doors. The melting snows of our last week's stay revealed a hillside of hastily dug trenches, furrowed sod and spent bullets, the result of machine gun fire. We were not at the front nor were these practice trenches. When Russia gave up, in the summer of 1917, after an unsuccessful struggle, a revolt of her troops against those of the French took place, resulting in almost annihilation of the revolters and a few casualties among the French.

St. Aignan—An all night's ride in box cars presented to us a brighter prospect than we had left. The streets were narrow, many mere alleys, needing sorely the cleaning command of the American Sanitary Officer. It was a good-sized town and we welcomed it with inquisitiveness and as a place to spend our French money and further learn the habits and customs of these people.

Each of us, at various times, found our way through the intricate and crooked byways to the prominent place of the own, which is on the highest spot of a steep hill, overlooking the Cher river and commanding a beautiful and vast view to the north and east.

The chateau of the Rochambeau's, who, with Lafayette, helped our Colonies to "Right and Justice," is partly habitable and partly a crumbling ruin.

The western battlements, overlooking a grassy meadow, encircled by forests and parted by a drive, are fallen into decay. Ivy softly covers many of the scars of time. From a broken crevice grows a young tree and the disintegrating rock on the parapet furnishes nourishment for a number of shrubs. Across the course where many a stately person has passed is the still intact hall and living apartments of the present keepers. All about on the court are various images and scroll decorations, cut in stone. At the northern edge of the court, guarded by a hand rail of iron, is a massive wall of solid masonry, which drops precipitely for some fifty feet to a steep green slope, which ends shortly in the moss speckled tile roofs, gabled attic windows and smoking chimneys of the town. This scene is abruptly cut off by the half swollen Cher, leaving the eye to wander across rolling green fields to the distant hills, yellow in the sunlight of the February afternoon.

Later we learned that these distant hills, in the vicinity of Noyers, contained a labyrinth of caves, dug in the limestone by the ancient Gauls, following their subjection by the Romans in 59-61 B. C. In these caves they stored many arms, in anticipation of a rebellion. This plan was discovered and the rebellion broken. Here also, built on a hillside and in strange contrast to the scenes of central France, was a Dutch windmill designed and constructed in 1850, by a man who could neither read nor write. The caves below this building were used as wine cellars, in which are large casks, full of the years' vintage.

Selles-sur-Cher—Sixteen kilometers eastward along the Cher is another chateau, although not owned by so prominent personages, is nevertheless of as great interest as the one just mentioned, for it represents the construction of three periods, from 900, through the middle ages, to the most modern part, in which is an iron tablet inlaid in the stone of a fireplace, with the date 1734.

Unlike the other chateau, this one is built on low, flat ground, using the river as a natural defense on the north. On the west and south, at a radius of a quarter of a mile from the moat, is a long stone wall, now partly fallen away, but once some six feet high and formidable enough to offer strong resistance against an invader using the old methods of warfare.

The village is built up on the eastern side and ends abruptly in a wall formed of the exterior of closely-built buildings, on a slight elevation overlooking marshy ground.

In case of an attack the herds were driven into the village within the shelter of this wall and if still farther pressed, the peasants could cross the once stable drawbridge into the great court of the chateau.

The moat encircles the chateau and ends, like the letter U, at the river where the water for filling it was obtained.

Within the confines of the moat were the buildings of special interest. They seem to lack the finish of the chateau at St. Aignan, but roughly show the crudities of greater age and less developed taste for fineness. Some distance from the village entrance to the chateau and beyond the latter addition, in a place little frequented now except by wanderers, is the old crumbling tower of

the year 912. Ivy covers the walls and creeps wonderingly inside, where once it was impossible for any form of life to live, for here were evidences of an old furnace, the burnt and reddened earth, arched brick, and pieces of slag, bore interesting testimony. Here the iron implements were forged and the tar and lead were melted, carried to the wall above and thrown on the enemy. There seemed to have once been a thick floor between this furnace room and a room above, in the same tower. Without there was a slight ascent and a path to an iron door, with a small barred window.

Upon our opening the door the rusty hinges creaked, a large bolt was revealed and we looked down upon the furnace room below.

Extending in right angles in two directions from the tower were the remains of two parapets and thick walls, which have since been utilized as supports for huge, roughly hewn timbers, serving as the rafters of a barn, in present use.

Some of the men were quartered in the four-storied tower built in the twelfth century. Roughly hewn beams and worn stone staircases and a direct drop from the windows on one side, into the moat, were the chief characteristics of this tower. In the rebuilt part, originally 12th century, but repaired in 1724, we had a four-ward hospital, which, as the warm spring days came on, was abandoned, due to the lack of patients and the unsanitary condition of the moat on to which the windows opened.

At one time during our two months sojourn here, we were told of a passage leading away from the chateau, which passed underneath the ground, passing a dungeon, and opening some distance from the moat. The passage was filled with water and we were unable to explore it.

The church in the center of the village is a prominent landmark, the spire and cross of which can be seen for a long distance. It is a fact that Jean d'Arc spent one night at the village hotel, where her room and bed may be seen, and, tradition relates, that the next morning as she was about to mount and continue her mobilization tour, her horse became refractory. She led him to the place where the shadow of the cross fell upon the ground, the horse became calm, she mounted and continued her journey.

One mile out of Selles was a spring of unusually pure water. Here we obtained all water for consumption. The tradition of the village has it, that on a hot summer day, a passing traveler was given a drink by a maiden working in the field. The traveler was a saint traveling among men. He blessed the maiden and the spring, the latter of which is said to have health giving properties, and we used it with great success in our hospital, many of the soldier-boys getting well.

Montrichard—The name almost tells us the history of the place, Mount Richard. Richard, the Lion Hearted, one of the heroes of Scott's "Ivanhoe," and his imprisonment "somewhere in France," long ago, after the third Crusade (1189-1192), when so many, filled with enthusiasm, enlisted to free the Holy Land. The spirit of self-sacrifice for a good cause resulted in Richard almost losing his throne. The place of his imprisonment has by now been pretty much affected by the storms of time, but there is still sufficient left to make a very interesting monument to his memory.

This old castle surmounts the summit of a hill north of the village and the Cher river. The remains of the tower and four walls stand there silently and unspeakingly locking within themselves stories of absorbing interest of their once active life. Richard's dungeon was the lower room of the turret, on the edge of the village. He was placed in this confinement while he was returning from the Holy Land, through France. His brother John, in his absence had usurped the throne of England, entered into intrigue with the French lords, and Richard was captured. Rumor reached England of this condition and the companion and servant, a musician of Richard's, went from castle to castle, singing Richard's familiar songs, until one day a response came from within a room in this tower; thus Richard was freed and regained his throne.

Thesee—Aside from the Sanitary School, occupying the Chateau Vau St. Georges, at this place, not far from the village, were the partially repaired ruins of an old Roman fort. The French have found it necessary to make some repairs to preserve these ancient ruins of 300 A. D. Only the four walls remain standing forming a grassy rectangle of 50 by 100 yards. The walls are heavily covered with ivy, growing from the crevices of the durable masonry that has withstood the seasons' thawing and freezing through long centuries. One root of ivy, perhaps the largest, was almost a foot in diameter and fed the leaves on a great portion of one of the twenty-foot hills.

Vierzon—In this city we had little opportunity to see anything of really historical importance, but we do not like to pass it without a word, for it seemed to represent one of the oldest of the central cities that we were privileged to march in, and for this it leaves an impression.

Orleans—Here, as we sped by, the famous maiden soldier and martyr of France was brought to our minds. The battle field of 1429, where Joan d'Arc defeated the English, are now quiet, green pastures bordering the Loire river. Following this great battle in the fourth period of the Hundred Years' War, she conducted Charles VII to Reims, where he was made King of France.

After having been wounded before Paris, Jean went to defend Compiègne, where she was taken for treason and sold to the English. At Rouen, a large city in western France, which our company passed through in early January, she was given an unjust trial, convicted and burned at the stake.

Our stop in Orleans was brief, but we obtained a glimpse of the beautiful cathedral there, whose white walls were conspicuous above the other buildings of the city.

Troyes—Garoyles are heads and faces cut in stone, requiring hours of time. The faces for the most part are extremely hideous or bear traces of one undergoing extreme pain. In Troyes there is a many spired church, a work of intricate and elaborate architecture on which hundreds of these faces, in various sizes, decorate the exterior, as though to frighten away the evil spirits from the Holy place, or else to give a warning to those who are bad, of the painful ordeal in store for them.

Bar-sur-Aube—The heights of St. Germain overlook a vast amount of territory including this village, and for that reason the Romans selected the summit of this mountain for a stronghold, and Caesar established one of the strongest of his chain of forts here. On mounting the hill the chief charm is

the widening view, for there is nothing left but hedge covered mounds and low broken walls. One thing, however, that remained in semi-preservation, was a low, stone lined depression, resembling a bathing tank and still used by the French peasants as a place for watering their cattle.

Bruyeres—The traffic of war has been severe on the frontier roads of France, and had it not been for their deep stone foundations and solid construction they would have been inadequate to the demands set upon them. This example was set by the Romans and since then has been religiously followed by the French. In the vicinity of Bruyeres there still remains in use, and with but little repair, a broad strip of Caesar's ancient highway, over which still, countless wagons of supplies and marching men pass, recently to the pursuits of battle, but now to the pursuits of peace.

Fraize—Early June found us entering into that well-known part of France called the Vosges mountains. The charm and beauty of these hills was in strange contrast to the distant cannonading and occasional air battles that greeted our arrival at this front. In the vicinity of Fraize were a number of places well worth recording; they are, Gerardmer, Literally Gerard's sea, a beautiful lake in the high Vosges, on whose shore was situated a village of the same name, and "avant la guerre" was an outing place for the whole region. Neighboringly, the lake of Longmer and several smaller ones add attractiveness to the landscape, reflecting in deep shadows the towering hills. Along the automobile route from Fraize to Gerardmer were many steep mountain slopes, covered with forests of pine, between which were numberless vistas, revealing the distant valleys in which flows the ribbon-like river. Meadows of feeding cattle and fields of hay in which the women were gathering the winter supply, fill in the picture. Near by the habitations of these toilers were presented in the clustered group of buildings or villages snuggling close under the southern exposure of some pine clad hill on the other side of the quiet flowing stream. The prominent features of each village are its centralized church spire and principal street, which is in common with the national highway and on which are located the few stores and little dark wine shops. From this thoroughfare branch the few narrow and debris strewn streets. Many of these once happy and quiet villages are represented in heaps of shell wrecked stone, caused by the hand of the spoiler in his first horde-like advance over these pastoral scenes.

From this same road, several kilometers out of Gerardmer, a branch road leads to the divide between the waters which flow directly into the Rhine and those draining into the Meurthe. The latter joins the Moselle at Nancy passing by Metz and into Treves, finding the Rhine at Coblenz. Along this branch somewhat farther was a section of road exposed to shell-fire and from the little dressing station of LaCollet could be seen distantly the haze of the Rhine valley and at nearer range, Munster, Mulhouse and Colmar.

Here near at hand was the Hotel Altenburg, which the Kaiser in tranquil days had prepared for hunting parties in the nearby woods, but now the old haunt of pleasure is in ruins complete, done by soldiers of his own army.

Raon l'Etape—"Raon, the stopping place," is approximately thirty kilometers northwest of Fraize. This was our home throughout the last part of the summer. From this as a center we made some wide explorations of the old trenches of 1914, of the ruins in and about Raon, and of the ever-present

chateau, which in this case was difficult to find, being hid away in a dense woods on a hill near the town and was called the "Chateau Feodal," built about 1100 A. D. The complete characteristic of a building of this kind we will let a little eleven-year-old French boy express in his own words:

"The feudal chateau, made under the reign of Louis VI, is destroyed because the masters did not wish to listen to the king. The chateau was composed: (1) of the chapel where the young cavalier of 21 years prayed and promised to protect the children and the poor people; (2) the "forgetters" (dungeons), where the masters shut the people who did not wish to listen to them; (3) the large court, where passed the great ceremonies that were called tournaments, where two armed cavaliers on foot held combats with lances; (4) the four big towers and the thick walls with the lookout which was higher than the rest; (5) the large room of ceremonies, where the singer, passing from chateau to chateau, entertained; (6) the bridge which carried across the wide and deep fosse, encircled the chateau, not permitting the enemy to attack the chateau."—Marcel Finck, No. 1, Avenue de St. Die, Raon l'Etape, Vosges.

The village cemetery of Raon is characteristic of all French cemeteries, and is located on a low hill across an intervening valley, from the site of the old chateau.

A high stone wall surrounds the place, within are shrub-bordered aisles, dividing the mingled graves, of the recent and partly sunken grave of many an old villager. Inside the wall and bordering the cemetery is a fringe of yew trees, which also cluster at intervals within the yard. Over the graves of the poor are many weather-stained wooden crosses and faded floral pieces of colored beads, strung on thin wire and wound into the various designs of wreaths and flowers, or perhaps an image of a metal Christ, crucified, to a black bead cross, laid reverently on the breast of the departed. The more prosperous have stones of fashioned marble, some showing the aging effects of time, others, more recent, retain a polish which might be in proportion to the communities' memory of the dead. Here and there are large mausoleums, of best construction and material, inclosing small sanctuaries with an altar, candlesticks, a cross of Christ, and the various images of the saving saints, to which the bereaved may come to pray, themselves to comfort, and the dead to life eternal.

But of increased interest and bordering on one side, completely walled in, for the exception of a narrow and locked gate, was another yard, grown over with shrubs and weeds, the graves were as old as the oldest in the first, but the stones were more of an average order, not conspicuous, but plain and durable, engraved entirely in the Hebrew, when the Jews suffered the worst of the persecuted, a probable explanation for this separate yard.

A few American soldiers, including a lieutenant, were buried in another part, bordering on the first of these yards, all military honors being paid at their burial.

Two other places of interest, descriptions of which would naturally come under the head of commercial history, are: The large trap and granite excavations south of Raon, and the combined wood pulp paper mill, text book and general printing plant, book bindery and manufacture of envelopes, writing paper and similar articles. The price, however, for seeing the first mentioned of

these places was dear, very dear, the penalty was ten days on the "G. I." cans for missing a two-hour gas drill, which was unexpectedly devised, but served thereafter to curb too extensive wanderings.

On the hillside overlooking the cemetery are huge dumps, which represent the surface excavation for years, of an immense trap and granite quarry. These dumps are overgrown with grass and brush, at least where there is enough soil for plants to subsist. On up the hillside farther, without the least warning, yawns a vast depression, like the crater of a volcano, or some monstrous shell-hole. This is at least one-half mile across and nearly round. The land is slightly sloping and on the high side the depth is sixty meters or nearly two hundred feet. There are five distinct terraces each twelve meters, or about forty feet, vertical cuts, and the landing or terrace widths are some 160 feet, like five granite steps, one above the other. On each landing there are a number of small cars, into which the hard, fine formed, jagged flint-like rock is loaded in large pieces. The car is pushed over a narrow track to the inclined gravity tramway, by which it is lowered to the bottom of the pit, at the same time pulling up an empty one to replace it. At the bottom a long continuous chain carries the car along through a 600-foot tunnel, deep in the iron-like rock, at the speed of two miles an hour, for perhaps a mile and one-half to the crushers; in turn the crushed rock loads itself into cars being taken either to the reserve pile or to the railroad, from where it is distributed to repair the permanent and durable highways of France.

The labor during the war was done by soldiers of the 1880-90 class, that is, they were twenty-one years of age in that year, now being between 38 and 48 years of age. German prisoners were not used on account of the proximity of the front, at this place eight kilometers, the limit being 30 kilometers, or about 20 miles to the rear. In this quarry, American air drills and compressors are used entirely and with satisfaction.

A large hole from which granite has been quarried is now filled with water to a depth of 180 feet. In this hole a daring diver gave an exhibit, plunging from an almost equal height, from the cliff above.

The marble obtained here is of a reddish color, makes an excellent building stone, and takes a fine polish, a good deal being used in the neighboring cemetery and villages.

The interesting feature of the paper mill was the conversion of large sticks of wood to paper, and the French madammoiselles, and the complete number of presses and machines for handling nearly all kinds of jobs in which paper is used. A sad feature, the great inroads of the war into the young men employed there, and the deserted and idle machinery, here most forcibly was brought home the crippling capacity of war for industry.

St. Die—Midway between the last two towns was situated this famous old mountain city, which has peculiar interest for Americans and pronounced in French, "Sang Dee-ay." Here was the center of learning during the middle ages. There, in those days, there was no means of rapid communication and news travelled slowly. Columbus discovered America in 1492, but Spain kept the discovery a court secret, so that up to 1507, fifteen years later, the scholars of St. Die had not yet heard of Columbus. The explorations of Americus

Vespucius, however, had been widely discussed, and in this city the wise men issued a book of his travels. From this account our home was called America rather than Columbia.

At the northern end of the principal street is the statue of a man, a modern statesman and philanthropist of this region, Jules Ferry, 1832-1893.

East of here in the sector bearing the same name is the village of Frappelle, four miles from the German border, where our company saw the first of their greatest activity.

Vancouleurs—The old moulds of France's gift to America in 1884, the Statue of Liberty, enlightening the world, now at the entrance of New York harbor, may be seen in a field by the roadside near this village, a sight which carried us all back to the day of embarkation from our country.

Ste. Menehould—In passing there are three brief things to remember of this village so near the front, yet so free from destruction and at the same time apparently lonesome, in its almost deserted streets. They are, the beautifully arranged cemetery, the last resting place of 6000 French soldiers and the location of the grave of an American woman, Mrs. Marion Crandall, Y. M. C. A. worker, killed by an air bomb in March, 1918; the large square on which faces the town hall, or the "Marie," with the date in large letters, "1780"; and the village, built around a hill, on top of which was "L'église et le chateau."

Nancy—Miracles are always a source of wonder to some, and to others, the skeptical, are mere coincidences, but, miracle or coincidence, the following account, of which Joan of Arc is the heroine, has happened similarly a number of times to other images throughout France during the war. Each time it had inspired a deeper devotion and a greater hope in the worshiper, whose prayer daily ascended for a successful conclusion of the war, for France.

The church is not a great distance from the depot and railroad yards of Nancy, which, during the first year of the war, was under direct shell fire and a target for the German guns. As the result of one bombardment a "one hundred fifty-five" millimeter shell found its clean-cut way through the church ceiling, alighting just before the statue of Joan of Arc, indenting the pavement, but failing to explode. The shell, with bent and damaged nose, resting there on a small taborette beside the statue and the round hole in the ceiling overhead, both bear witness to the truth of the story. It was with pride that a woman with deepened religious convictions pointed us to the place.

Nancy is a beautiful city, for the most part laid out at right angles, resembling somewhat a city in the States. The streets are straight and broad and are kept unusually clean. There are evidences of its once having been a walled city, now grown beyond the arches that still cover the streets that lead to the center of the city. These arches and walls formed by the exterior of buildings facing inwards provided means for making a stiff defense were it necessary. The city of Toul is built on the same plan and with an addition of grassy embankments encircling the town on two sides; the other two sides being high ground. Toul is also much older in appearance and lacks the straight streets.

Buzancy—This was the final objective in the big drive in the Argonne, which started with the intense barrage that shook the earth and sky for miles on September 26th, 1918. This objective was not obtained for a month.

One week after its fall the streets were easily passable and the buildings were not very much wrecked. The centralized church had been used as a hospital and in several places had been shell struck. On the altar here were found some low-scale Germans maps of regions central France.

On the principal street were two separate buildings, interiorly wrecked, but each bearing a tablet designating that one had been the lodgement of Saladin, the Turkish lieutenant of the Crusades, at one time when he was passing through France; the other, the home of Charles Coffin, recteur and associate of the colleges of Paris. Another nearby tablet designated the birthplace of a Chancellor of the Exchequer under Marie Antionette.

Varennnes—A few bare walls, resembling tombstones over the destroyed city, is our memory of Varennnes. The city remembered in history as the place where Louis XVII and Marie Antionette tried to escape the wrath of the revolutionists but were apprehended in their attempted flight from France.

Bar-le-Duc—Cycling lends itself both as a sport and means of transportation to the French people, on account of the fine roads. In this city is a large memorial tablet to Pierre Michaux and his brother, for their work in developing and further perfecting the bicycle; dated 1856.

Marseilles and Gibraltar finished our list of noted cities and left us free to enjoy the Atlantic ocean and watch for the Statue of Liberty.



SOUVENIRS

"Rat a tat tat, rat a tat tat," was the most frequent sound heard at old Camp Mallory, near Clermont en Argonne, except, perhaps, the peaceful sounds of sleeping near, or the noises made by the scurrying rats over the floor of the wooden barracks.

The first part of the month of December, 1918, was passed in collecting and making souvenirs of various forms and patterns, which served temporarily to busy the soldiers' hands and minds and to burden the home-going mails.

Following is an account or description of some of these "remembrances" which represent moments of our life in France. Our thoughts will be in the associations of our own construction of them, or in the arrangements made with some French mademoiselle, or soldier, or perhaps in the casual act of removing them from the recent battlefield, or from some of its victims. The French soldiers, during the long months of waiting, at their posts or in the trenches, found relief in manual work on both metal and on wood. Many of their articles were sent to their families in the "Service of Supply," where among other novelties of a new land, they occupied a place in the interested attention of the arriving American soldier. Great ingenuity is often manifest in these articles, in which appear the inherent art and characteristic handiwork of the French people. Concrete examples of this is shown in the designs and engravings made on the brass shells of the "seventy-five" and "on hundred-five" millimeter guns or in the pricked designs made of leaves.

The shells best adapted to the making of vases are the three to four inch brass shells, the cleanest and most perfect being selected and a design, perhaps of a Lorraine cross with a sprig of oak, bearing an acorn, or a branch of pine bending in natural curve over the double barred cross, is outlined on the shell. Frequently the above design is used, but there are many others, for there is much room for originality. A round tight fitting block, of the same diameter as the interior caliber of the shell, is inserted to make a firm hammering base. The design is then wrought out on the brass, frequently the date is added. Sometimes from the base for three or four inches up, the side of the shell is crimped or forced in, in corrugations, leaving the base the same size, but diminishing the diameter above in a gentle incurve, resembling an hour glass, which again comes to the full diameter with the straight sides, bearing the design. Ofttimes the beauty is increased by the use of an acid which darkens and stains the design, making in all a very attractive and much desired article. Those of us who did not possess the facilities for making them, had opportunities to purchase them, the price ranging from 15 to 25 francs apiece.

Another article which some American boys, at Evacuation Hospital No. 1, near Toul, were making, from the shells of the St. Mihiel drive, was a combined ash tray, match box and cigarette holder. The shell was cut off

two and one-half inches from the base, which left the percussion cap, fuse stem in the center, projecting above the rim of the out shell. The thin discarded part of the sides above were fashioned into two receptacles, which was attached like a saddle across the upstanding stem. The receptacles were secured by a screw which was threaded into the stem and at the same time secures a roughened piece of metal for a scratcher.

Later some of the boys of our Company constructed ash trays somewhat different, using the short shells of the 105, in which they hammered with a stylus, designs of doughboys on the march and in the trenches, taking pattern pictures from the advertisements in a magazine.

Other popular articles constructed by members of the Company are the two franc silver rings, small vases from one pound shells, and buckled rings of aluminum and bricks, both from cartridge shells or from brass tubing, and pieces of brass from shells. These bricks were patterned in forms of imitation books, French canteens, or were simple round convex discs inlaid by a French coin, or the pattern of the belt buckle design of the German soldier.

The bricks represent a practical as well as an ornamental use. For a while matches were scarce and smoking abundant, also they are convenient for temporary lighting purposes. The necessary parts of this article are: A container or reservoir for the "essence" or gasoline, or alcohol, made in various shapes or sizes, a threaded pipette for the wick, a hollow support in which little round stone flints and a spring are inserted, the support having a round, roughened wheel, which upon being turned by the thumb, throws a shower of sparks on the wick, which lights like tinder. The wheel and support are attached to the container near enough to the wick to be efficient. A small cap screws on over the wick to prevent evaporation when lighter is not in use. A two spouted French canteen design lends itself well for this purpose. A smaller lighter but confined to "smokers" is the type where the gasoline container is replaced by a long and usually yellow cord, which burns with a punk like glow.

The two franc rings are made by patiently hammering the milled edge of the coin until gradually the words around the edge of the disc are turned inward with the date. The center of the coin is drilled out, the inside then smoothed with a file, the ring polished, beveled and smoothed. "*Liberte, Egalitie, Fraternite*," with the date 1918 shows with the less distinct Republic Francais on the inside of the ring, making brothers, all whom wear the ring. The buckled ring is made from a small strip of aluminum, usually obtained from a "Boche" aeroplane brought down near by.

An attractive and practical article, rarely made, is the picture holder. The cartridges for the army rifle come in clips, five cartridges together in this way. Utilizing eight cartridges by soldering them end to end at the caps, three front supports and one rear movable support is made. Connecting the three parts together with two clips to hold the picture in place, drill a small hole through the nose of the steel bullet of the rear support and with a piece of light wire attached to the picture support as a hinge. The slant of the picture can be adjusted as the points of the bullet prevent any slipping.

In the region around Raon l'Etape, the Lorraine country and the Vosges, the girls are artists with the needle, and in working out articles in colors with beads, for which they find a ready sale. The most popular of these articles were handbags, such as women carry for small articles, like purses and handkerchiefs, etc. These bags are bead work of beautiful blended colors and lined with silk, ranging in price from 25 to 30 francs.

Northwest of there the Alsatian maidens make the finest hand made lace in the world. Their looms were wantonly broken by the Hun, when he found it necessary to retreat, leaving some of the people of Alsace no means of farther earning their living. Samples of this lace and others of fine quality were sent home by the boys to please their friends and the feminine love for finery.

Embroidery of the first quality, but mostly obtained through the stores, was represented in handkerchiefs, aprons, sofa pillow covers and wearing apparel, and were at first low in price in comparison with similar work at home. Smaller articles, as brilliant colored post cards in silk, with the Allied flags, and picture postcards of the views of villages and points of interest in the environs, were offered for sale.

A very nice way to keep the buttons collected, representing the various departments and organizations of the armies, is a broad belt, punched at regular intervals with holes through which the screw buttons are attached, or the ones with loops are threaded with a light piece of wire. Quite a number of these belts are extant among soldiers of the A. E. F.

The cosmopolitan aggregation of soldiers representing the Allied armies, has naturally mixed the coins. From the circulation of money, a fair collection of English, French, Italian and Belgian coins, and an occasional Spanish coin may be gleaned. The German prisoners are always eager to exchange coins or other loose articles about them, for tobacco, French money, or something to eat.

The week-old battlefield was still a prolific source of souvenirs for many. The greatest interest being centered in the helmets. The spiked and polished brass helmets were rare, but there was an abundance of the plain iron ones, which fit well down on the head, protecting the neck and ears. The automatic pistol of the German is called a "Luger," a much-desired article, and mainly found by the doughboy, who was there to get it. Other relics were prized, as the signal pistols, unexploded hand grenades, unused one pound shells from the tanks, bayonets, Hun rifles, German books, papers and even a china cup on which was an iron cross decoration, with a crown, the initial letter "W" and "1914." This cup was picked up beside the bodies of two dead Huns. If anything has been omitted, it is left for the returning soldier to himself recount.



INCIDENTS OF THE WAR

"GOING IN"

"First aid men to the front," was an announcement that resulted in eight of us being sent to Laveline, in the Voges sector. After a fourteen-kilometer hike with the company the day before, from Vienville to Fraize, we had arrived about dusk, when it had just begun to rain. Lucky, "chow" was soon served by our lightning kitchen force. We were quite fatigued from the hike and were soon off to sleep; thanks to the nice place in the French hospital ward.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, I was sitting on my bunk talking to a few of the boys, when we were called, to be ready at once to go to the front. The ambulances were ready and so were we. It was our first time to go on detached service to the front and it was also the first group of first-aid men from the company to go to a dressing station. Our ambulance company being attached to the French army, we worked with French soldiers.

It was raining pitchforks and needles, the kind of weather one would select to shoot ducks in, but we finally arrived at the infirmary at Laveline. The previous day having been damp, with no wind, was favorable for gas, so the Germans had thrown shell gas over the night before, and, as I explored a passage in the infirmary, I found an exit which led me on the outside to the rear of the place. Curiously, of course, I opened the door in an old wood shed, and, behold, my eyes saw a number of French soldiers laid there like cord wood. They had evidently been gassed the night before. I didn't look on very long, but thought of my own gas mask and wondered if they had been drilled as much as I had would they have been gassed.

There was all kinds of war scenery imaginable about,—trenches, entanglements, dugouts and camouflaged screens along the road.

Here we received instructions to go farther along, which we did in full marching pack and in the rain. The French corporal in charge of the detail, remarked "Eight Kilometers." We had not gone far when we met an American machine gunner who was going near the same place, so we accompanied him.

There were about three kilometers, all uphill, and dark was coming on. We were pretty tired but none of us would stop until the Frenchman spoke, which was quite often. It was then I knew I could outwalk a Frenchman. After we had arrived at the "Poste de Secours" or battalion aid station it was dark and all of us were drenched. Here we had much difficulty in finding out from the guide, who could speak but little English, just where we should go. We rested awhile, and the Major having arranged with the "cuisinier" for our supper, we were not long in getting there, but this was the worst sight yet. A shell had dropped in the place a short while before. We returned, got on our packs, and started off again along the road, over which burros were used to carry food and ammunition to the men in the trenches and to bring out

litters with the wounded. I felt much like a jackass myself. Within a kilometer we came to the relay post to which we were to evacuate our patients and passing this, we followed the guide along and asked him how far we had yet to go. "Pas beaucoup," he replied. We descended the hill and were soon at the post, a strongly built dugout in the hillside. Here an American Lieutenant gave us instructions, telling us of the "Boche" shelling the place, to be on the alert for gas, and to avoid being seen by aviators. We set about arranging the place. Just then the Germans began shelling a French artillery emplacement. This continued for an hour. We removed our wet clothing, got into our bunks, which were just sufficient for the five of us,—but it is always to be remembered that a soldier sleeps packed like a sardine. I slept pretty well that night but couldn't help hearing a barrage that took place along the front. We were up early the next morning, starting the regular routine of our work, learning from French soldiers, whom we got along with nicely. Fourteen days saw us back with the company and with a lot of experience.

FIRST SHELL FIRE

I have often thought, since I have been in France, that when I get home, and in time to come when I am talking about this war, someone will speak up and ask, "When were you the most scared?" So now I am going to try my luck at writing about the time.

We were at the town of Fraize, in the Vosges mountains. The company headquarters was at a hospital in the northeastern part of town. We were allowed passes to go to town in the evening but were to be in quarters by nine o'clock.

There were no big shows in this town, nor places of amusement at which to spend the evening, as the town was about five miles directly in the rear of the lines, but there was a hardware store run by an old man who had a son about twenty-six years old and two daughters, one about twenty and the other about twenty-two years old, and most every night one could go into this hardware store and find a few American soldiers "trying to learn French."

About eight-thirty, after we had been studying French about half an hour, the old man suddenly came running in from the rear of the store and speaking a lot of jumbled French that was too much for me to get, but the girls understood and the result was that they had the whole of us running with them out of the back door and then I knew the reason for all the hurry. We heard a shell break and it sounded as though it were just in the next yard. It did not take us long to reach the place of shelter to which we were conducted. Soon the old man came in with a candle and I saw that we were in a dugout which was about five feet wide and about twelve feet in length and high enough so that we could stand upright.

As soon as I got settled I began to look around. The two girls were sitting on boxes in one end of the dugout and the others sat near the old man. The young fellow stood up. I forgot to mention that there were two little girls, about seven years old, in the store at the time this show started, and they were in the dugout with the rest of us. They were having a race,

each trying to cry harder than the other, (I guess they felt about the same as I did). The boy dug around in one corner of the place and brought out a box of gas masks and each was given one; I passed, saying that the mask that Uncle Sam gave me was good enough. During the time we were getting ready for all this gas old "Jerry" did not lay off but was sending those shells over about as fast as he could put them in his field pieces over there. They were trying to get a supply depot which was about two hundred yards down the street from the store but were missing it by about a hundred yards and the shells were dropping between the depot and the store, so there was no doubt but what we felt the concussion. The shells would break and then the pieces would fly up, hitting the buildings near by. Then these girls and the boy would laugh. Well, I could not see the joke so I did not do any laughing for awhile, but every little while I would smile, but I think that it hurt me a little to smile at that. I kept looking around in that dugout and they noticed the way I was looking the place over and I asked them in my best French if it was safe in there, and they told me it was and then they would make a sign to be quiet and we would listen and you could hear one of those boys coming and they seemed to say "You!", and I expected one to come over with my name and address on, at any minute.

A FALSE ALARM AT NIGHT

One of those inky black nights in August, 1918, somewhere in the Vosges Mountains, at or about midnight I was called out to make a trip. The order read, "One ambulance report to Bruce for wounded man. Litter case. At once." The air was cool and not cold and one looked forward to the trip with buoyant expectancy rather than regret for the extra work. With a turn of the crank of the old G. M. C. the motor was going and the driver climbed into his seat. The car glided slowly out of the park and onto the road leading through a small French town apparently deserted, and except for an occasional sentry pacing his beat, silent at this late hour. Out from the village the road led along the foot of some low hills with now and then a farmhouse which always eased the tense nerves of the driver. Maybe he was a little "scared" but "nervous" sounds better when speaking of a soldier.

There was no traffic on the road which was lucky for the driver because he could not see his hand before his face, and the noise of the motor rendered his ears deaf to any sound of approaching vehicles. As we went along the road became rougher and the hill steeper. Large trees now lined the way on both sides and the darkness became more intense. Often it was necessary to stop so that the driver might rest his eyes, because peering steadily into the blackness finally brings one to the point where he can see practically nothing. The road was narrow and it would be a physical impossibility for two vehicles to pass one another.

We rolled on over bumps, into holes and occasionally felt the wheels dangerously close to the ditch which drained the road on either side. As we neared the station our senses grew keener, our nerves more on edge and we were startled by a command somewhere close in front, "Halt!" The car was brought to an abrupt stop with a careful regard, for it does not pay to be careless when a sentry at the front tells you to do anything. After making our-

selves known we were allowed to pass on. I do not know how it affects other drivers but this one always feels much relieved when he gets by a sentry, as some of them have a bad habit of carelessly toying with the trigger of their guns and often are more or less nervous themselves.

From here on the road was more heavily camouflaged than ever,—it was darker, too. Bang! We had hit a shell hole and thought that the front spring was broken, but it was not. The machine was all together a little shaky as the jolt was rather sudden and we never did like those sudden things anyway. Oh, how we wished for lights, but "C'est le Guerre." After several thrills, caused by imaginary Boche snipers along the road we at last reached the dressing station.

The orderly jumped out and let the tail-gate down and took a litter to exchange for the one that the wounded man was on, as is the custom in the ambulance service. We stood ready and anxious to receive our patient and rush him to the hospital as fast as possible, but Lo! and Behold! our litter patient is walking! We ask him, "What is the matter?" and he says, "I've got the itch!"

To continue this narrative would be unwise, as the writer, who was also the driver, was in no frame of mind to use words that would look good in print. That man had a real fast, rough ride to the hospital and little care was given to the rough spots in the road, as a little extra jolting was as good a treatment as could be given a man in his condition.

THE WEEK BEFORE THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

The week was a busy one for the Company, the ambulance section evacuating patients back to the rear, the rest of the Company operating a relay station. This work was kept up continually with a steady stream of patients coming in, the ambulances running day and night, the orderlies driving during the day and the drivers at night. The casualties became so numerous that it was necessary to transport the slightly wounded and sick in trucks. The roads leading to the lines were terribly congested with trucks and moving troops, making traveling extremely slow and the weather for the most of the time continued rainy, with a heavy fog and mist throughout the night.

The work at the relay station consisted of redressing the wounded and distributing hot coffee and sandwiches to the patients, making them generally comfortable until evacuating ambulances could transport them to hospitals for further treatment, and then continue transportation to the base hospitals for the severely wounded. There were quite a number of French civilians brought in, some sick, other shell shocked. They were immediately turned over to the French authorities and sent to a large French hospital situated about 25 miles in the rear. There were also a considerable number of German wounded sent in and they were a sorry looking lot, with haggard faces and their clothes in a terrible condition.

After the signing of the armistice the sick and wounded continued to come through for three days. The roads again resumed a more orderly appearance. Things in general relaxed and became more systematic since ceasing of hos-

tilities. There was much rejoicing between the French and the Americans. There was a great deal of celebrating, the skies at night were continually lighted up with star shells, which had been left by the Germans. Everybody carried a smile and a hearty welcome for all. For us in this vicinity it was the finish of the world's war and the end of all terrible events and happenings, which is always welcome.

"C'EST LAGUERRE"

"We move early in the morning. No rumor, either, 'cause I got it on the square. I just talked with "Hardtack" as he was going after some water for the kitchen. He got it from the ranking K. P., who heard the Mess Sergeant tell the Head Cook to be ready. The Mess Sergeant's got a tip from the Top Kick, and the Top Kick ought to know."

"Well, I will be glad to get out of this mud hole. No place can be worse than this. But have you talked with James yet? Hunt him up and find out if the Major has given him any confidential stuff."

"But, where are we going?"

"I can't pronounce the name of the place. It's something like thermometer, but it isn't that. It ends with g-u-e-s-. I understand that we are to take a couple of ward tents along."

"What for?"

"I guess we are going to operate a relay station."

The following morning before "Old Sol" took his first peep over the horizon, to see how far the American "Doughboys" had advanced during the night, the ambulance men had had their breakfast, had packed, and ready to move.

After a rough two hours' ride on trucks they were at Thenorgues. The trucks were parked behind the remains of some buildings that were the worse for tear rather than wear. During the day the boys lounged about, keeping under cover, munching hardtack, and discussing the latest rumors. Naturally rumors about an impending armistice had a prominent place in all discussions.

The close of the day brought with it an especially dark night. Naturally it began to rain. It may be superfluous to say that it rained, because rain is always to be expected in France. That's why the country is called "Sunny France." About this time, out of the darkness came the command, "All Aboard," and it was noised about that the Company would pitch camp in a certain field north of the town.

Upon reaching the destination the trucks were brought to a stop, while the first made an effort to get into the field. No lights of any kind were permitted. The driver must drive very carefully because the field is full of shell holes. However, he didn't get very far for the truck was soon mired and could go no further. The truck was unloaded and willing hands furnished the needed "horse power" to get it out of the mud.

It was useless to try and get the trucks through the mud of the field so it was decided to unload them where they were and carry their contents by hand. The ward tents were first unloaded and carried about a hundred yards,

where a detail under two Sergeants began to pitch them in the dark as best they could. The other men were put to work to unload the trucks and carry the supplies to a place near where the tents were being pitched.

But who would have thought that the company had so many supplies? Where did all this junk come from? The Supply Sergeant never had anything to issue us when we needed it. But, we knew that the faster we worked, the sooner we would get to bed.

One of the boys slipped and fell into a shell hole,—into soft mud up to his waist. Instinctively he grabbed for something to hold onto. One hand clutched something. He crawled out of the shell hole and examined the article in his hand. Horrors! It was the foot of a German. But where's the Hun that belonged to this foot?

It continued to rain. It might as well as everybody was wet to the skin. Anyone who was not drenched must have been stalling. Finally the trucks were unloaded and the supplies covered with a canvas, and the tents were pitched. Camp "Hun-Foot" was established.

The boys unrolled their wet blankets in the tents, spread them over the wet ground, and were soon dreaming of immaculate white sheets on soft beds in a cozy warm room, somewhere in a distant land,—HOME!

"TRIXY"

She came to us from somewhere out beyond, where the woods of the Argonne hid the din and smoke of battle, a little, ill-kept, poorly-fed, fox terrier pup. One ear drooped dismally, due probably to the kick of some army mule. The other ear stood up inquiringly, however, and even in those first few days that she was with us, her clear courageous eyes shone with undaunted spirit. It is possible that she had been born in some underground chamber in Verdun or Rheims, and it may be that her parents helped to cheer the "poilu" during their heroic defense of those places in the past two years. Whatever was her history, and the facts will never be known, "Trixy" soon wove herself into the heartstrings of the men of the Company. With an inquiring and appraising eye she looked us over, examining our method of transportation, the commissioned and enlisted personnel, our beds with especial care, and lastly, the kitchen. All meeting with her approval, "Trixy" decided to adopt the Company and soon was as much at home with us as she had been with the French soldiers. We always assumed that she had been raised among French soldiers first, by her perfect knowledge of the French language, and second by her evident enjoyment and perfect familiarity with camp life. It was not long, however, before she picked up enough English to converse with the boys on such topics as were of mutual interest, such, as, time for chow, or who was to carry the lantern while she hunted rats, or, on a particularly cold night, if some arrangements could not be made whereby she could get under someone's blankets.

During the Argonne drive and the drive of the Meuse, "Trixy" did her part. Many were the battles she waged with huge, pro-German rats, frequently bitten, but always coming off victorious. Later she helped us to while

away the time in camp while awaiting our orders home. No morning was too chilly for her to stand reveille with the boys and every drill and hike found "Trixy" in the ranks like a true soldier.

She soon grew to know every member of the organization and would willingly follow them on their walks and was fond of taking trips on ambulances, but here her acquaintances ended. No one else could persuade her to get into a car nor would she follow any one off. Many covetous eyes were cast on our pet as she rounded out and grew sleek and fat with the kind treatment and good food she received. Unlike several other dogs we had had since reaching France, she never strayed from camp and was always happy and contented no matter what the conditions were.

Perhaps you expect a thrilling account of some great disaster, very narrowly averted by the intelligence and courage of our little friend, but here you will be disappointed. Not that we do not believe, that should the occasion arise, she would not have met it with the same spirit with which dangers have been met by so many other faithful friends of man in this way, but "Trixy's" part seemed to be to keep alive in the hearts of men, liable to grow hard and unsympathetic under the stern conditions of war, that leavening influence of kindness, and who will say that this is not as great a work as any!

LA COLLET TO GASON BOUQUET

La Collet is a French rest camp, located in the forests of the Vosges Mountains about six miles east of Gerardmer, a summer resort of eastern France. It was at this rest camp that we were stationed, on detached service, with the 15th Machine Gun Company, of the 5th Division.

On the afternoon of June 19th we were given orders to follow, with the ambulance, the 6th Infantry, which was to pass through La Collet that night at 8:45 P. M., on their way to the trenches. After seeing that all was in shape for the start, we awaited the troops, who arrived on time. The weather was cold and damp and a light rain began just as we were ready to start.

We were to follow about 500 feet in the rear of the marching infantry, the kitchen and ammunition carts following about 500 yards back of us. After we had passed through Col de la Schlucht, a small town completely ruined by the Hun, we turned into a road cutting through a dense wood. Darkness had settled down in good shape and by this time the rain was making good its threat and we had gone probably three miles in this wood when the French artillery on our left opened up long range firing, and to make matters better, somebody "passed the buck" by giving the gas signal. Our masks were immediately brought into use. After we had travelled this way for about twenty minutes I discovered that the mounted French guard who was following the ambulance had made no attempt to use his mask and when he advised me that there was no gas, but that the bombardment was from the French, we immediately discarded our masks, as one could barely see the road without them on.

The trip went well, but very slowly, until we reached the small town of Gason Martin. This town is built on a mountain pass and the roads from here on were in terrible condition. They were just wide enough for the am-

balance to travel in, leaving about four to six inches to spare, and beyond this was a sheer drop of from four to twelve hundred feet, to the valley below. The hills and mountains over which this road from Gason Martin to Gason Bouquet runs, are of the steepest, in fact, some were so steep that to descend it became necessary to shut off the motor and shift to first speed, as the brakes were useless.

As we came around a turn about two miles past Gaston Martin, the Hun must have received the news that we were in the vicinity, for they gave us a shower of star shells which lit up the country all around us. The star shells afforded us the opportunity to see the road, although they gave the Hun the chance of seeing us, for by this time the darkness was of the blackest and the rain coming down in torrents made it impossible to see the road. It became necessary for one of us to lead the way on foot and most of the time the one driving could not see him, but had to drive in the direction of the sound of his voice. It would be either "Keep more to the right," or "Wait until I find the road." We drove in this manner for about six miles, one driving, the other walking the road. We would have to change about every twenty minutes, as the one driving would go temporarily blind, trying to see the other through the blackness. Several of the kitchens with the mules went over the side and down into the valley below. None of the men were hurt as the teamsters and drivers were leading their teams on foot.

At last, in coming around a sharp "S" turn, a half mile from our destination, we met our doom. Here we slid off the road and down the hill, connecting up with two large trees that saved us from plunging down a steep grade. In the darkness we could not see any way of getting out, so we left the ambulance and proceeded on foot to our journey's end and decided to return, if possible, during the daylight and get the ambulance back on the road.

We arrived at a shack just back of the trenches. We were soaked to the skin and little chance of getting any sleep. We laid down in a shack with three sides and 95 per cent of the roof missing, but to sleep was nearly impossible, yet this was better than the road.

About nine o'clock things started to stir about, so we proceeded to hunt up something to eat. We were fairly successful and obtained some corned "willy" and hardtack from an American kitchen and a cup of coffee from the French.

The next order on the program was to get our ambulance back on the road and make our trip back to La Collet, but the French General would not give us permission to leave until dark, so we proceeded to find a place to sleep until nightfall. Again we were successful and through the guidance of some French soldiers, we located a large dugout built in the side of the mountain. It was one of the largest I have ever seen, being capable of housing two thousand or more men. In this dugout we caught up on our sleep and about five o'clock that afternoon we endeavored to obtain four mules to aid us in recovering the ambulance, but some orders came preventing us from getting out that night, but we made our way out to the ambulance to look the situation over. We found it was possible, with the aid of mules, to get our car back on the road. However, we had to lay over that night and the next day before we were able to make our getaway.

The weather during our two nights' and two days' stay here was rainy and cloudy, so under the cover of the mist on the evening of June 21st, we made our start from the trenches with a driver and four mules. After considerable maneuvering, we finally succeeded in getting our ambulance back on the road and headed for La Collet. The trip back was made without any trouble at all. We left Gason Bouquet at 8:00 P. M. and arrived at La Collet at 9:05 P. M., June 21st, all "present and accounted for."

"LINING UP FOR AN OFFENSIVE"

Supper is over. The kitchen is loaded on a truck as it had been unloaded an hour before. The Top Sergeant gruffly orders the men, "On to the ambulances," and they scramble aboard. The Transportation Officer shouts, "Ambulances and trucks, line up!", and one by one the ambulances and trucks emerge from the wood and take their places in line. As soon as all is set the Commanding Officer gives the signal, "Forward," and the cars are on their way.

We pass through the crooked streets of a village and they are silent and deserted. The houses look cold and uninviting. The shutters are closely drawn. No beam of light is allowed to escape to guide the traveler, for this is one of the many French towns under the shadow of the guns of the Hun, whose merciless aviators wantonly drop their missiles of death on open towns and gloat over the death of non-combatant women and children.

Beyond the village a sentry challenges us! Our credentials are produced and we are allowed to proceed on our way.

The moon faintly rises over the eastern horizon. The gray road looms up brighter before us, and it is easier to find our way. This advantage may prove our undoing, for it will be less difficult for the enemy to see us.

We are entering a deep forest. The road becomes very narrow. The train is brought to a sudden halt. What can be holding up the traffic? Sounds of oaths and curses reach our ears. It is such a volume of oaths that only a mule-skinner can give vent to. Can it be that a mule is living up to his notoriety and is balking at this critical hour? The C. O. proceeds on foot to investigate.

A French truck dashes madly by. It lands in the ditch a few hundred yards away. A Sergeant calls for a detail of men, who immediately help the French driver to get his truck on solid footing again.

The train moves slowly forward. The road is wider here so we can pass the slow mule train. As we speed by it is with hopes that we don't meet cars bound in the opposite direction. We pass long lines of Infantrymen marching in single file on both sides of the road. As the "Doughboys" trudge wearily on, with their heavily laden packs, without a doubt they look with wistful eyes on the fleeting ambulances. Their thoughts are turned toward the future and they wonder if on the morrow they will be among the wounded, and perhaps be transported to a hospital in one of these ambulances.

Suddenly at the foot of a hill some of the ambulances are brought to a stop, very abruptly indeed, and collisions are narrowly averted. We have reached a point where Infantrymen are crossing the road. "Off from the road.

Gangway!" shouts the leading driver. The Infantrymen pay no attention. The ambulance moves slowly forward but is halted by an officer. "What are you trying to pull off?" irritably asks a Captain of Infantry. "I have got to get through," retorts the ambulance driver. "If you hold up the rear of my Company I will be behind schedule," answers the Captain. "Only a minute, sir, eighteen ambulances and three trucks." "Go ahead," says the Captain.

A little later we leave the main highway and follow a path into the wood. We are in the deep recesses of the Argonne forest. The ambulances are parked under trees so that they will be camouflaged. The men spread their blankets on the ground to get some rest, if rest there will be. Except for an occasional bursting of a shell sent over by the Germans, the night is quiet.

Eighteen hours later, the greatest artillery barrage of the war is laid on the German positions. The great American offensive has begun.

The Argonne Drive is on!

"AMBULANCE DRIVER'S EXPERIENCE"

We were detailed with an ambulance to a dressing station to the rear of the lines and here we had been stationed for some time, waiting for any chance casualties. This morning I was engaged in a very necessary function of a soldier, which is to keep clean shaven, for while at the front it insures a tight fitting gas mask and in the rear it is necessary for appearance sake and likewise assures a clean face. I had not finished this operation when I heard a few shells coming over and in rushed a Lieutenant, who ordered me to drive the ambulance up the hill for a soldier that had been wounded by a shell fragment. So away we went and the closer we came to the place where the wounded man lay the thicker the shells seemed to drop. Soon the Lieutenant said, "Better stop, and we will run right across this little hill to the dugout." The stretcher bearers grabbed the litter, the lieutenant led the way and I brought up in the rear. The first thing I knew we were picking ourselves up. Two big high explosive shells had burst within a few feet of us in a creek. The concussion is so great that when one of those "Jack Johnsons" burst that it is nearly impossible to stand up, that is if a piece doesn't hit you. The smoke, mud and sand were so thick that we were unable to locate each other for a minute or two. After the smoke had cleared away and we had wiped the sand out of our eyes, one of the boys asked me if I was hurt. I said, "Not yet!"

"Well, something hit me," he replied, and after examination we found a piece of jagged iron that had gone through his gas mask respirator and lodged in his shirt. We did not have much time to talk it over here so we hurried on and after we were safely in the dugout several more shells fell right in our trail.

We bandaged our wounded soldier's leg, placed him on a litter and then made our way to the ambulance. Luck was with us for no more shells came over until we were far down the road on the way to the field hospital.

NIGHT ROADS

During the latter part of August and September, 1918, while the company was doing evacuation work in the Vosges sector, about half of the transportation section of the company, under command of Lieut. Whitlock, was stationed at the city of St. Die. At about nine o'clock on the evening of September 2nd, while we were preparing for bed, two officers of the 32nd Engineers came into our billet with the statement that some of their men who were working at an advanced station called Richsberg, near Bonhomme, had been gassed, and they requested that ambulances be sent to evacuate the gassed men. Upon inquiry we found that they had received no report as to the number of men who were gassed, neither did they know the exact location of the station where the men were, but they promised to furnish a man as guide who had been at Richsberg and who knew the road.

It may not be out of place to state here that Richsberg, as its name implies, was German, or, in other words, east of the French-Alsace border. After taking into consideration all the facts obtainable, it was decided to send two ambulances. Edgar Houser (otherwise known as "Dutch") and myself were chosen to take the trip and the guide was to ride with me, I being chosen to lead as I knew the road as far as Plainfang, through which we would have to pass.

It was a dark, moonless night, with some clouds in the sky—enough to obscure most of the stars, so I lighted dim headlights, which I used as far as Fraize, a distance of about ten miles, Houser following my taillight, which I had lighted also. At Fraize we extinguished our lights and proceeded in the dark, following the road as we did in the majority of our drives—principally by guess.

From Fraize we started east, through Plainfang, and up a long winding hill toward Bonhomme. Near the top of the hill we entered heavy timber, which covers nearly all of that sector. While in the timber there is only one way to follow the road—watch the sky which shows a little light between the foliage where the trees have been cleared away for the road, and to keep directly under this path of light. We had not gone far in this manner until I lost all sense of direction, but appeared, in my opinion, to be following a general northeasterly course.

About an hour after reaching the top of the hill we came to a forked road leading in three directions. The guide was somewhat undecided as to which of the three roads to follow, but after some hesitation he chose the road to the right as being the correct one. His hesitation caused me to become somewhat suspicious of him as a guide, as I thought he would not show hesitancy if he knew the road.

However, I said nothing, but proceeded on the way, up a slight rise, and then suddenly started down quite a sharp incline. While on this incline the guide suddenly told me that we were on the wrong road. I stopped the machine and questioned him as to how thoroughly he knew the route. He acknowl-

edged that, although he had only been over the road once in each direction, still he was positive that on his former trip he had gone up hill all the way to Richsberg. Of course, that meant only one thing—that we must turn around and go back. We found the road too narrow to turn the machines, and, as we did not feel like going forward any farther without knowing what lay ahead, we backed the machines for about five hundred yards, until the road widened enough to turn. We then retraced our way until we came again to the place where the roads forked. At this place we found a French sentry, from whom we inquired the road. He recognized the name of Richsberg, knew how to find the place, and told us that we had been off the road since leaving Plainfang, but that we could reach our destination on the road which we were following at night, but that it would be extremely dangerous during daylight on account of its being exposed to German shell-fire.

So we again started out, taking the road which we had followed before, and passing over the rise which I mentioned and over a second hill. While descending the second hill, we had another experience which gave us a thrill for the moment. When part down the hill, the line of light from the sky above me, which I had been following, suddenly disappeared, and everything became black. I threw out the clutch and was just applying the brake when Crash!—the sound of splintering timbers, and the ambulance stopped just as the right front wheel dropped over—something. We got out and investigated, and found that the road made a sudden turn to the left, with a bridge right at the corner. This accounted for the fact that the sky had disappeared, and it was the railing of the bridge through which we had run, the car stopping just as one wheel dropped over the edge of the bridge. The men got out of the other car, and all lifted on the front wheel while I reversed the machine, and in this way we were lucky enough to get the machine onto the bridge again, and proceeded once more on our way. I do not know yet the height of that bridge, although I have often wished that I could see it in daylight.

After going about half a mile farther, we came upon an old house, badly shell-torn, which our guide recognized. Near the house the road forked again. The guide told me that we should have came up the road which lay to our right, turning sharply, and proceeding along the road which lay directly ahead of us. We were then within a few hundred yards of Richsberg, which we reached in a few minutes.

Upon our arrival at Richsberg, we found that although sixteen men had been gassed, all except four had been evacuated by the French. We picked up the remaining four and proceeded on the correct road home, which we reached without mishap about three-thirty in the morning.

OUR BASKET BALL TEAM

After the signing of the armistice, in order to relieve somewhat the monotony of peace time army life, sports of all kinds were greatly encouraged in the American E. F., the First Army Corps being one of the first to start this movement.

Our company was stationed at Montigny La Resle, which was about 20 kilometers from Tonnere, at that time First Corps Headquarters. On Feb-

ruary 5th we received notice from Corps Headquarters that a series of basketball games would be played, to pick a team from the Corps Troops, to represent that body as a whole in the coming championship games. The following organizations were at that time serving as Corps Troops of the First Corps; Headquarters Troop, First Army Corps, 405 Telegraph Battalion, 114th Engineers, 53 Pioneer Infantry, and the First Corps Sanitary Train. The First Corps Sanitary Train consisted of Headquarters Company, 161st Ambulance Company and 161st Field Hospital.

The first game was to be played on February 10th at Tonnerre between the First Corps Sanitary Train and the 405th Telegraph Battalion. The athletic Director of the Train announced that all men who wanted to try out for the team would be taken to Tonnerre on the 8th for a trial. There were fourteen men who reported from Ambulance Co. 161. On the morning of the 8th two ambulances carried the men to Tonnerre for a practice game and the following men were picked for the basket-ball Squad: "Dutch" Houser, John Flanagan, Ray Tipper, "Mac" Houser, "Walt" Smith, "Art" Best, "Jim" Power, "Johnnie" Kennelly, and "Eli" Hart.

Three ambulances loaded with "rooters" accompanied the team to Tonnerre. The result of this game was a score of 42 to 21 in our favor. This gave the boys such life that they won the rest of the games from the Corps Troops by the following scores:

February 13th—Amb. Co. 161, 48; Hqs. Troop, 18.

February 16th—Amb. Co. 161, 34; 114 Engineers, 0.

February 20th—Amb. Co. 161, 54; 53 Pioneer Inf., 8.

February 22nd—Amb. Co. 161, 22; Hqs. Troop, 6.

The games were all played at Tonnerre.

On February 23rd we received orders to send seven men to report to Corps Athletic Officer at Tonnerre, as seven men from each organization of the Corps Troops were going into training for one week, and twelve men were to be picked from the bunch to be the basket-ball team for the Corps Troops. We sent the following eight men: "Dutch" Houser, John Flanagan, "Ray" Tipper, "Mac" Houser, "Walt" Smith, "Art" Best, "Jim" Power, and "Johnnie" Kennelly. They went to Tonnerre on the 24th and went into training. Just a few words regarding teams that these men, who were picked from the Corps Troops, would have to play against. There was a team from the 36th Division, which was picked from 22,000 men and a 78th Division team picked from about 23,000 men, while the 80th Division had about 24,000 men from which to draw their material for a team.

When the time came for the first game of the series to be played, which was March 1st, between the 36th Division and the First Corps Troops, there were twelve men on the basket ball squad of the First Corps, eight of which were from Ambulance Co. 161, and "Dutch" Houser was captain of the team. The game was played at Tonnerre and the score was 40 to 15 in favor of the Corps Troops. In the course of the series the team played the following games:

March 3d (at Tonnerre)—78th Division, 27; First Corps, 26.

March 5th (Montbark)—First Corps, 2; 80th Division, 0.

March 7th (at Flogny)—First Corps, 44; 36th Division, 21.

March 11th (at Semur)—78th Division, 40; First Corps, 24.

March 13th (at Tonnerre)—First Corps, 50; 80th Division, 18.

The total points run up by our team was 346 and the total points against our team were 159.

* * * *

“WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME”

The cannon's smoke no longer obscures the bright rays of the sun.
The starry flag is floating o'er the fields by valor won;
There's joy among the soldiers and upon the briny blue,
The boys are dreaming of their homes and peaceful life anew.

There's singing in the households from which the loved ones
 went away,
Defending right and country, in the strife of battle's fray,
The fears of war are over, tears at night no longer flow,
The smiles of hope and pleasure on their Mothers' faces glow.

Afar is heard the music of the trumpet and the drum,
The swords and rifles glisten as the heroes nearer come.
Fair hands will wave a welcome, storms of cheers will glorify,
As the multitude pays tribute to the soldiers marching by.

The pale-faced youths who answered when they heard the sum-
 mons stern,
As bronzed and seasoned soldiers to their loved ones they return.
The eyes of love will know them as they come with martial stride,
The hearts of those they left behind will welcome them with pride.

The Allied arms of freedom are victorious o'er their foes,
The starry flag triumphant with a brighter luster glows,
The farmer tills the soil again and sows the fertile seeds;
The victory of peace is won, the world no longer bleeds.

—FRANK W. KALB.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 2

1. The following Officers of the Second North Dakota Infantry are hereby assigned to duty as follows:

Lieut. Colonel Thomas H. Tharalson.
Major Charles F. Mudgett, 1st. Battalion.
Major Edward C. Gearey, Jr., 2nd. Battalion.
Major James M. Hanley, 3rd. Battalion.
Captain H. T. Murphy, Regimental adjutant.
Captain John W. Rock, Regimental Supply Officer.
1st. Lieut. Herbert G. Markley, Chaplin.
1st. Lieut. Ernest R. Orchard, Battalion Adjutant, 2nd. Battalion.
1st. Lieut. Ronald J. McDonald, Battalion Adjutant, 1st. Battalion.
1st. Lieut. Frederick G. Neumeier, Battalion Adjutant, 3rd Battalion.

| NAME | RANK | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|----------------------|--------|
| Henry T. Murphy | Captain | Headquarters Company | Comdg. |
| John W. Rock | Captain | Supply Company | Comdg. |
| Joseph L. Dwire | Second Lieutenant | Supply Company | |
| Frank E. Wheelon | Major | Sanitary Detachment | Comdg. |
| Milton P. Graham | First Lieutenant | Sanitary Detachment | |
| Cecil E. Duncan | First Lieutenant | Sanitary Detachment | |
| Fred J. Flury | First Lieutenant | Machine Gun Company | Comdg. |
| Welland J. Orchard | Second Lieutenant | Machine Gun Company | |
| William C. Paulson | Second Lieutenant | Machine Gun Company | |

FIRST BATTALION

| | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|-----------|--------|
| Millard P. Lawson | Captain | Company A | Comdg. |
| Josiah C. Blaisdell | Second Lieutenant | Company A | |
| Charles L. Wheeler | Captain | Company B | Comdg. |
| John S. Cameron | First Lieutenant | Company B | |
| William C. Goerner | Second Lieutenant | Company B | |
| Charles L. Rouse | Captain | Company C | Comdg. |
| William A. Chalcroft | First Lieutenant | Company C | |
| Thomas Lennevik | Captain | Company D | Comdg. |
| Arthur W. McLean | First Lieutenant | Company D | |
| Louis W. Thune | Second Lieutenant | Company D | |

SECOND BATTALION

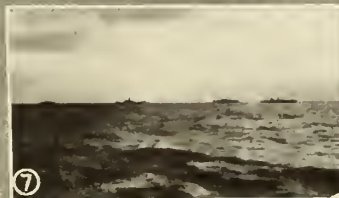
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|--------------------|-------------------|-----------|--------|
| Frank E. Ross | Captain | Company E | Comdg. |
| Richard M. Still | First Lieutenant | Company E | |
| Miles F. Kessler | Second Lieutenant | Company E | |
| J. Gordon Turner | First Lieutenant | Company F | |
| John Konen | Second Lieutenant | Company F | |
| John W. Grant | Captain | Company G | Comdg. |
| Thomas Hesketh | First Lieutenant | Company G | |
| George Crawford | Captain | Company H | Comdg. |
| Frederick J. Seeba | First Lieutenant | Company H | |
| Fred E. Anderson | Second Lieutenant | Company H | |

THIRD BATTALION

| | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------|--------|
| Alfred B. Welch | Captain | Company I | Comdg. |
| Ward L. Preston | First Lieutenant | Company I | |
| Ferris D. Cordner | Second Lieutenant | Company I | |
| Harry Thomas | Captain | Company K | Comdg. |
| George W. Sears | First Lieutenant | Company K | |
| James E. Huffman | Second Lieutenant | Company K | |
| Bert Weston | First Lieutenant | Company L | Comdg. |
| John A. McDonald | Second Lieutenant | Company L | |
| Charles I. Cook | Captain | Company M | Comdg. |
| Richard A. Sprague | First Lieutenant | Company M | |

By order of Col. White.

(Sig.) H. T. Murphy,
Capt. 2nd N. D. Inf.
Adjutant.



SCENES IN CAMP GREENE, CAMP MILLS, AND ON THE OCEAN.

(1) Camp Green Tent Group, Harry Salzman in the foreground. (2) Cantonment Tent Floors at Camp Greene. (3) Captain C. I. Cook and Lt. R. A. Sprague, Co. M. (4) McPhee, Houser and others on woodpile at Camp Greene. (5) "Happy Paulson and Lt. C. E. Duncan. (6) Dishwashing at Camp Greene. (7) Four of Tuscania's Atlantic convoy. (8) Measles bunch at Camp Mills. (9) Our Camp Mills home till Dec. 10, 1917, when picture No. 7 looked good to us. (10) Officers of Ambulance Co. 164 at Mills. All except Lt. Whitlock. (From left to right). Lt. J. B. Kinne, Lt. M. P. Graham, Lt. Wm. E. Kirk, Lt. Wm. C. Lester, Lt. J. Krejewski.

HISTORICAL

COMPANY "M"

War had been declared! The young manhood of the country was responding by enlisting in the different branches of the service. The Golden Valley of North Dakota was not found wanting, for many of her best had enlisted in the army, navy, or marine corps. Many of her citizens decried the fact that "Beach," the hustling young metropolis of the valley, did not have a National Guard organization, so that the boys could go through the war together.

Not long after, an opportunity presented itself. A second regiment was being organized in the state of North Dakota, so an effort was at once made to have the city of Beach represented by a company. Charles I. Cook, Robert A. Sprague and E. D. Perry had seen service during the Spanish-American war and later in different National Guard organizations, and they became the leaders in the movement to organize a company in Beach. They were given authority to recruit a company on June 28th, 1917. With the cry, "Go through the war with your friends," recruits were readily secured and signed up for the organization, which later became Company "M" of the "Smashing Second."

Upon the call of the President for the mobilization of the National Guard, Company "M" mobilized in Beach on July 15th, with a strength of seventy-six men, some of whom were later discharged because of physical disability. The ball park was used for a drill ground, and a large tent was pitched in the ball park to house the men the camp was named Camp Reeve after J. P. Reeve, a prominent citizen of the Golden Valley. Later a windstorm tore the tent down, so the men moved to the opera house. During its stay in Beach the company was fed in a restaurant.

Charles I. Cook and Robert A. Sprague had not received their commissions at the time of the mobilization of Company "M," so First Lieutenant Vincent J. Melarvie of Company "H," 1st N. D. Inf., was detailed to take charge of the company. Later he was relieved by Second Lieutenant W. G. Paulson of the Machine Gun Company of the Second North Dakota Infantry. However, before the company left for its southern training camp, Captain Charles I. Cook was put in command, with Lieutenant Robert A. Sprague as First Lieutenant and Adam Faris as First Sergeant.

Company "M," Second North Dakota Infantry, entrained for Camp Greene at 7:20 A. M. on the morning of October 1st, and traveled to the North Carolina camp on a special train, with other troops of the Second North Dakota Regiment. The company at this time had a strength of two officers, one hundred twenty-two enlisted men and four men attached. The time of arrival at Camp Greene was on the morning of October 5th. Captain Cook and Lieutenant Sprague did not remain with the company long, for in the smashing of the "Smashing Second," Company "M" was made the 164th Ambulance Company, 116th Sanitary Train, 41st Division, and Lieutenant John B. Kinne, a medical

officer, was put in command. Captain Cook was assigned to 41st Division Headquarters, and Lieutenant Sprague was assigned to the 164th Infantry (First North Dakota).

The boys disliked the idea of losing their officers, but they were to later learn that their new commanding officer had sterling qualities of merit. Lieutenant John B. Kinne, although a resident of the state of Washington, was a native of North Dakota, having been born in that state and having received his early education there. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war he enlisted as a private in Company "B," First N. D. Vol. Inf., and went with that organization to the Philippines, where he served with distinction. For bravery in action at Tarbon Bridge, P. I., on May 6th, 1899, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. With his assignment to the 164th Ambulance Company, Lieutenant Kinne was again to serve with troops from North Dakota.

It may be interesting to know what happened to the other units of the Smashing Second North Dakota regiment. The first battalion, composed of Companies A, B, C and D, was assigned to the 164th Infantry. First North Dakota, Company "E" became the 116th Trench Morter Battery. Companies "F" and "G" became 162nd and 164th Field Hospitals, respectively, of the 116th Sanitary Train. Company "H" was assigned to the 147th Machine Gun Battalion. The companies of the third battalion were made Ambulance companies of the 116th Sanitary Train, Company "I" becoming the 161st Ambulance Company, Company "K", the 162nd; Company "L," the 163rd, and Company "M" the 164th. The Machine Gun Company was assigned to the 148th Machine Gun Battalion. The Supply Company was made the Supply Company of the 116th Engineers' Train, and the band was made the regimental band of the 116th Engineers. The majority of the personnel of the Headquarters were transferred to 116th Headquarters Train and Military Police.

On October 19th the 116th Sanitary Train took part in the parade and review of the 41st Division through the streets of Charlotte, N. C., in the interests of the Second Liberty Loan. The 164th Ambulance Company, formerly Company "M," has the distinction of being the first company in the 41st Division, in which every man of the organization bought at least one liberty bond of the Second Liberty Loan.

On October 26th, the 116th Sanitary Train was ordered to entrain for Camp Mills, Long Island, New York, and reached Camp Mills on the morning of October 29th.

At Camp Mills the company was organized for duty overseas. Seventeen men were transferred to the 164th Infantry (First North Dakota.) Lieutenants Milton P. Graham, William E. Whitlock, George B. Kirk, Francis J. Krejewski and William C. Lester were assigned to the company. One of the new officers, Lieutenant M. P. Graham, was a North Dakotan. The company was filled up to the one hundred fifty-three men required for an animal drawn ambulance company, the majority of the new men coming from a detachment from Camp Lewis, Wash. In the meantime it was vigorously drilled by its officers and non-commissioned officers.

The date—December 11th—will long be remembered by the boys of the 164th Ambulance Company. It was on that day in the cold early hours of the morning that they left Camp Mills. Before dawn they were on their way to

Garden City, where they entrained. At Long Island City a ferry boat was boarded, which steamed down the East River, rounding Battery Park and sailed up the Hudson River to Pier No. 54, where the men boarded the *Tuscania*. Late in the afternoon the *Tuscania* weighed anchor and went to Sandy Hook, where it was to remain until dark.

As the mist from the Atlantic was creeping in, screening from view the outlines of the great city, the soldiers on board bade farewell to the Statue of the Goddess of Liberty, which was later destined to have a place in their hearts second only to the loved ones at home.

The *Tuscania* was owned by the Henderson Corporation of Glasgow, Scotland, and was the last of the "Anchor" Line. It was a comparatively new vessel, having made its maiden trip in the spring of 1914. It was 660 feet long and had a displacement of 14,500 tons. There were about 2,500 troops on board, besides the crew. The 164th Ambulance men were quartered in Lower "5."

During the night the *Tuscania* slipped out of the harbor and the next morning found it on a misty sea, with a cold, northeast breeze, into which it was headed. All about was a waste of cold, steel-gray water, and there were some misgivings, for the transport was traveling alone, without the much-talked-of convoy. This uneasiness was somewhat abated when it was learned that the convoy was to be formed at Halifax. Upon hearing that a stop was to be made at the Canadian port, the men wrote letters of farewell, which were censored, and upon the arrival at Halifax were mailed. However, their friends did not know of their departure until the port in France was reached, for the letters were held pending the safe arrival.

On the afternoon of December 13th the *Tuscania* entered the embrace of the two great arms, with their snow-clad hills and primeval forests, which form the confines of the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia. At the convergences of the arms and securely nestled at the foot of a hill, surmounted by a fort, is the city of Halifax. Naturally the men wanted to visit the city, but no opportunity was given to leave the ship, so the two days here were spent in speculations of the future and in viewing other transports, the details of the harbor and the unfortunate city, which so recently had been the victim of a severe catastrophe in the form of an explosion, which had wrecked a portion of the city, with much loss of life.

On December 15th, about 2 P. M., the *Tuscania* lifted anchor, slowly steamed out of port, crossed the rough bar, and took its place in line in the convoy of eight ships. The convoy was composed of the six transports "*Tuscania*," "*Adriatic*," "*Cedric*," "*Northland*," "*Manchuria*" and "*Tunisian*" and the two battle cruisers, "*Glaucus*" and "*Changolia*," the latter camouflaged as an oil tanker. The next morning the convoy skirted the coast of Newfoundland, and then went into the days and nights of submarine preparedness, zig-zagging courses and life boat drills.

Nothing of great interest transpired on the voyage, except that a steamer was met bound for the States, which was torpedoed two hours later, with some loss of life. Later it was officially reported that 103 lives had been lost.

When the danger zone was entered there was greater vigilance than before. The men slept on deck, and as the transports neared the Irish Coast they were met by a convoy of British destroyers, which constantly circled around

them, as they proceeded on their way. The first land was sighted in the early morning of December 24th. It proved to be the Isle of Isley. Later in the day the rock-bound coast of Scotland could be seen to the left and the Irish coast to the right and in the evening the Isle of Man was passed.

The next morning, while the Christmas chimes were ringing, the *Tuscania* pulled into the harbor of Liverpool. On both banks of the Mersey were crowds of people, cheering and waving flags, to whom the Americans on board responded with cheer after cheer. However, the men were doomed to eat their Christmas dinner on board ship, and it was a very poor dinner. Was hardtack and corned willey on the menu, or was it "Anchor" pudding and soup for a "change?"

Debarkation did not take place until late in the afternoon of the next day and entrainment for an English Camp was made immediately after leaving ship.

The next morning found the company in Romsey, England, where it detrained and marched to Woodley Camp. It was here that the men first cultivated their great aversion for the "rest camps." The camp itself was clean and well situated in the midst of beautiful surroundings. However, the title "Rest Camp" was a misnomer.

On the morning of December 29th, the company entrained for Southampton, where it remained on the pier till 3:30 P. M., when it boarded the "Nirvania."

The "Nirvania" was a steamer manned by a Hindoo crew, and used as a horse and mule transport. For this trip it had 500 horses and mules and 350 officers and enlisted men on board besides the crew. Filth was in evidence on every hand.

Not only was the ship an extremely dirty one, but the Hindoos on board were poor looking specimens of humanity. They offered to sell food to the hungry Americans. Their main stock in trade was a pancake, which appeared to be a combination of pancake and flatbread, which they kept warm by holding against their bare breasts. Needless to say, the business was "nihil."

The "Nirvania" left the pier at 5 P. M., but dropped anchor in the harbor, as it was not considered safe to cross the channel that night. It was not until 6 P. M. the following day that the "Nirvania" began its trip across the English Channel.

La Harve, France, the port of debarkation, was reached on the following morning. It was about the hour of 10:00 A. M. on the 31st day of December, 1917, that the 164th Ambulance Company stepped on the soil of France.

At La Harve the company was quartered in British barracks and fed at British kitchens and the Americans had many opportunities to mingle and talk with British soldiers, some of whom had just returned from the Cambrai offensive. Here they also first saw German prisoners.

The company entrained on third class coaches at La Harve on the morning of January 2nd and arrived at La Courtine at 4 A. M. on January 4th. The men detrained and marched to the cold artillery stables which were to be used as quarters.

At La Courtine the company was given lectures on subjects pertaining to the duties of an ambulance company, besides being drilled. As the 41st Division had been made a depot division, orders for replacements began to arrive. While at La Courtine the 164th Ambulance Company sent forty-eight enlisted men and one officer to the front as replacements, the majority of the men going to the First Division.

Orders to move were received on January 23rd. Late in the afternoon box cars (Chevaux 8, Hommes 40) were boarded, and on the following morning St. Aignan was reached, where the company detrained. Its billets were in the main part of the city, which is about a mile from the depot, and they were in direct contrast to the stables that had been used as quarters at La Courtine. At St. Aignan the men first used unoccupied French houses as billets, which were clean and in good condition.

At St. Aignan the sad news was brought to the company of the death of Private First Class Harley B. Salzman, who had been sent to the hospital, while the company was at La Courtine. This was the first death in the company and the men received the news with sincere regret. Harley Salzman was among the first to volunteer in Company "M" at Beach, N. D., was a good soldier, and well liked by his comrades.

The company moved by train on January 30th to Selles-sur-Cher, about twelve kilometers away, to open and operate a hospital. Here the men were very luxuriously quartered in a historic chateau, belonging to Count Harde-man, who lived in the most modern of the buildings comprising the chateau. Several wards of the hospital were in the second story of a third chateau building. The contagious wards were in the two stories of a theater, about two blocks away.

A few days after the arrival at Selles-sur-Cher, it was learned that the transport "Tuscania," loaded with American troops, had been torpedoed on February 5th, off the Irish coast. It proved of all the more interest to the boys of the 164th Ambulance Company, because, as it has been previously mentioned, the "Tuscania" was the transport that had carried them across the Atlantic.

About this time Captain Cook, arrived, in command of a company of casualties, and was stationed at Selles-sur-Cher. The boys were very glad to see their former captain again.

The company continued furnishing replacements for the front, besides operating the hospital. To take the places of the men transferred out new men, the majority casualties, came into the organization. These men were trained, and in their turn were sent out as replacements.

On April 17th, the 164th Ambulance Company was ordered to move to Thesee and report to the school for Sanitary Troops, First Depot Division, for training. Its strength at this time was one officer—Lieutenant Kinne—and forty-eight enlisted men. A few days after the arrival at Thesee the officer and all of the enlisted men, with the exception of four, were transferred to the 161st Ambulance Company.

164th Ambulance Company Roster

CAMP MILLS

1ST. SERGEANT.
Faris, Adam

SUPPLY SERGEANT
Breitenfeldt, William A.

**ACTING MESS
SERGEANT**
Dickinson, Paul E.

SERGEANTS
Caldwell, Edward W.
Powers, James E.
Pelkey, Arthur G.
Wallman, Fred H.
Hansen, Praley K.
Jirschele, Joseph W.
Schell, John F. C.
Toettcher, Benj. L. H.
Hatch, Ernest G.
Hougen, Jesse G.
Hindman, James R.

CORPORALS
Henderson, Lester N. W.
Lynch, George J.

COOKS
Lowry, Raymond
Mailey, Edward

PRIVATES, 1st Class
Camire, Albert S.
Dalen, Roscoe E.
Dodge, Frederick W.

PRIVATES
Aldridge, Frank
Anderson, Raymond
Ashley, H.

Baber, Marvin E.
Bechtal, E. T.
Bengel, George
Bennett, Frank
Bigot, Joseph L.
Blackbourn, Harry D.
Briggs, Wesley J.
Brinker, Earl H.
Bock, Frank G.

Castellow
Castle, Alonza G.
Castle, Clayton C.
Castle, Harmey L.
Catron, T. M.
Chamberlain, Charley C.
Chase, Earl M.
Chappell, Harry E.
Chester, Harry H.
Clark, Leon E.
Clipper, Henry E.

Dickinson, Phillip
Egan, John L.
Egan, Matthew J.
Eide, Palmer L.
Engene, Ole
Ernest, Edward A.

Farnen, James J.
Faulds, John
Ferrell, Geo. C.
Fields, Geo.
Finkle, Howard L.
Fisher, Richard
Flint, W. C.
Fuller, Fred

Gibcke, Chas.

Hallman, George
Hallman, William
Hammond, Scott E.
Hamrin, T. E.
Hannibal, T.
Hauge, Emil C.
Haugen, Levi M.
Hazelton, Irving J.
Hayes, R. E.
Heflin, Harry L.
Hess, Bernard J.
Higgins, Kenneth J.
Hill, Harry L.
Hillman, Grant A.
Houck, Jesse E.
Howden, Harry C.
Hubble, Harry H.
Hubing, Charles M.

James, Elmer
Jaskola, Vincent

Kalb, Frank W.
Kalkman, John H.
Kean, Charles E.
Kennedy, Harold
Kennedy, Thomas L.
Kennedy, J. R.
Kieffer, C. B.
Kirkland, J. R.
Kuhn, George H.
Kunze, John

Larsen, Harold I.
Larson, Nels A.
Lehnen, Joseph H.
Lenertz, Louis A.
Lenertz, Vincent N.
Livermore, Charley L.
Love, J. H.

McClarren, B. M.
McColeman, Howard J.
McCoy, W.
McNeice, Paul D.
Maher, Albert
Martin, John
Maraso, Arthur
Matchette, Lynn
Matthews, Charles
Miller, Peter
Miller, Elmer D.
Morrison, W. C.
Moore, Arthur G.
Murray, Ernest

Newman, A. E.
Newton, Wm. A.
Noyes, Raymond A.

Olson, Harry
Overall, Oscar

Patrick, Wayne
Pelowski, Frank
Peterson, Edwin C.
Peterson, C. A.
Peterson, Ernest G.
Pinkham, Ray C.
Powers, LaVerne F.
Pruett, Druo

Reid, P. T.
Retz, Russell B.
Ricks, T. L.
Riley, Hugh
Riley, L. L.
Rising, Henry D.
Root, Clarence E.

Sattley, W. N.
Sackmeister, Peter M.
Salzman, Harley B.
Schramm, Roy F.
Showen, Charlie W.
Spratt, Charles R.
Stedman, Dan B.
Stetzer, Albert M.

Tanner, Geo. R.
Tetzlaff, O. W.
Tobias, Leo W.
Tucker, Floyd E.

VanBuren, Fred P.

Waddell, E. B.
Whitney, Henry G.
Willis, Otto W.

COMPANY "I"

When war was declared in April, 1917, most of those who were so soon to meet and offer their best to their mother country were busy about peaceful pursuits. Few had ever had military training and to make an effective army out of men whose lives had been moulded under a form of government which has stood so long for peace, was a task which then appeared impossible. But the call was heard and the men responded, the impossible was achieved and in one short year we had an army in France which from the first proved themselves the equal of the veteran troops of Europe.

The border expedition had returned early in the year of 1917. The North Dakota troops were at home again. The National Guard organization of our State consisted of one regiment only and in view of the magnitude of the struggle ahead it was decided that a second regiment be organized. In the realization of this decision came the birth of our Company.

Prominent in the organization of the Second Regiment was Captain Alfred B. Welch, who was given permission to recruit a company to be stationed at Bismarck, and recruited in, and in the country adjoining, our State capital. The Company met for the first time on July 1st with thirty members composed mostly of men who had campaigned with Captain Welch on the border and who knew and admired him as a man and a soldier. By July 10th the Company had increased to eighty-three and each day that followed brought new men into the organization so that by August 1st "Company I" had slightly overshot the number of enlisted men then allowed an Infantry Company.

The Company was quartered in the Armory and fed at certain cafes and restaurants in the city. Drilling continued regularly under Lieutenants Preston and Cordner, ably assisted by 1st Sergeant Savage and Drill Sergeant Bressler, so when the time came to mobilize, this Company of the "Smashing Second" was one of the best drilled units organized. In the meantime all of the National Guards had been mustered into the Federal service and we were assigned to the 41st Division, known as the "Sunset Division" and composed entirely of Western troops.

Company "I" entrained in the evening of October 1st, 1917, at Bismarck, with Charlotte, N. C., as the first objective in our journey, passing through Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and the beautiful mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. We arrived on the morning of October 5th at Camp Greene, just outside of the old Southern city of Charlotte, N. C.

At this point came the event which changed the whole course of our military history. The 41st Division was at this time without a complete Sanitary Train and the Second North Dakota was called upon to fill the vacancies. Company "I" became "Ambulance Co. 161" of the 116th Sanitary Train and the enlisted personnel was reduced to 122 men. Captain Welch and our Lieuten-

ants were replaced by medical officers. Captain Patrie took command and the old Infantry drills were dropped and instead of rifles we were given litters and proceeded to learn something of the work of an ambulance company.

Our stay in Camp Greene although short, was pleasant. The fine old Southern spirit of hospitality of the people of Charlotte, who so welcomingly opened their homes for us, will always remain as one of the most pleasant memories of camp life. Everything possible was done to make our stay agreeable and many lasting friendships were established between the people here and the boys from the West. It was on October 19th that the 41st Division made its first formal parade. It was made in the interests of the Second Liberty Loan drive. The parade was through the streets of Charlotte and was met with an enthusiastic reception by the people of the city.

It was while we were here that inoculations for the prevention of typhoid fever and vaccinations against small-pox were given. The entire company passed before the Medical Examining Board and those who were found physically unfit for overseas service were discharged.

Orders to move were received and on the morning of October 26th, we struck camp and that evening entrained and started for Camp Mills, Long Island, N. Y. Passing through Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, we arrived at Mineola, Long Island, on the morning of October 29th and marched out to Camp Mills, which was to be our home for some time. We passed through and paraded in Raleigh, N. C., and Washington, D. C.

A rainy spell greeted us on our arrival and we spent a rather uncomfortable period before we completed ditching our tents. Drilling was resumed in earnest. A change in our officers was here made. Captain Hackett was put in command of the Company, with Capt. McGuire attached, and Lieutenants McClellan, Horton, Brunjes, Kintner and Rosin, completed our commissioned personnel. On November 14th, seventeen of the boys were transferred to the 164th Infantry, including our 1st Sergeant Savage and Sergeant Serres; also ten Sioux Indian boys from the Standing Rock Reservation. Among these was Albert Grass, grandson of Chief John Grass of the Sioux tribes. Chief John Grass, who still can be seen on sunny days, seated in front of his home at Fort Yates, forms one of the romantic and historic links connecting the history of the present time with that of the generation just proceeding. He with Chief Gaul, commanded the Indians in the wars which culminated in the battle of the Little Big Horn and was afterwards a valuable factor in persuading the tribes to adjust themselves to a more civilized manner of living. Since the death, in 1890, of Sitting Bull, John Grass has been sole chief of the Sioux. It was with sorrow that the members of the Company learned that Albert Grass had been killed at Chateau Thierry. Being the only male descendant of Chief Grass, a peculiar situation has arisen in regard to the Sioux chieftancy, which will go to Captain A. B. Welch, our first commanding officer, who is the adopted son of John Grass.

The monotony of camp life at Long Island was relieved by games and athletics. A splendid football team was organized in which the Houser brothers and Ray Tipper made some really spectacular plays. The entire Company were given the privilege to visit the great metropolis of New York and on Thanksgiving day every member of the organization was invited to dinner

at the homes of New York families and those of other nearby towns and cities. The cordiality shown by the people of the East, like that of the people of North Carolina, was very much appreciated and came to us as somewhat of a surprise, although a very gratifying one.

The company was filled from a detachment which came from Camp Lewis, Washington, and full equipment was issued. The Division began to embark for overseas during the last days of November and busy days they were for us. The big sleet storm of December 8th practically drove us out of camp, the thermometer reaching the low mark of six degrees below zero. Many spent the night and the following day, Sunday, with friends in the vicinity of camp.

The long looked for order to embark came on December 11th and on the morning of December 12th we struck camp, for the last time in our own country. We entrained at Garden City, went to Long Island City, boarded a large ferry boat, went down the East River rounded Battery Park and pulled up the Hudson River to the Hoboken piers on the Jersey side. At the gang-plank of our transport the final check was made and as we passed up the ship we dropped our last messages to our friends and loved ones into a waiting mail sack. These letters and cards were to be forwarded to their destination upon the safe arrival of our ship on the other side of the Atlantic, thereby getting word to those we loved, of our safe arrival, some three weeks sooner than could otherwise have been possible.

"U. S. S. *Antigone*," destined to be our home for twenty-one days, was a converted German tramp steamer, which had been interned during the early days of the war and upon the beginning of hostilities between Germany and the United States had been cleaned and fitted up as a transport. An item of interest relative to this particular ship was the fact that the cylinders had been, as was believed by the pro-Germans who did it, ruined by having the heads broken in and huge holes cut in the sides. Here again Germany had reckoned without Yankee ingenuity. The cylinders were thoroughly restored by skillful welding and they stand today, a monument to the skill and resourcefulness of the American workman. The "*Antigone*" was a ship of medium size. The berthing space accommodated about 2500 troops in addition to the boat's crew which consisted of about 600 men. We were made fairly comfortable, fed twice daily and were given the freedom of the well decks. A few hours after going aboard we were towed to a position off Long Island, where the anchor was dropped and we stayed for two days, waiting for the other ships which were to form our convoy. On the night of December 14th we headed out to sea and as the lights of the city and harbor slipped over the edge of the world behind us, we bade farewell to our loved land with the unspoken prayer in each heart that God would spare our lives and sometime when our task was finished, bring us back once more to our native land. Next morning found us well out to sea with an unknown future before us.

In the convoy were six transports, the "*Susquehanna*," "*Pres. Lincoln*," "*Covington*," "*Pocahontas*," "*De Kalb*," and "*Antigone*." The convoy was guarded by the battle cruiser "*North Carolina*" until the danger zone was reached, where we were met by a small fleet of destroyers. The "*Pres. Lincoln*" and "*Covington*" were later sunk by submarines while returning home. Regular "abandon ship" drills were given and one day of the journey was given to target practice by the gun crews of the several ships.

Christmas day was spent at sea and was celebrated by a turkey dinner, and as we were nearing the end of our voyage by sea and most of those who had been seasick had recovered, the occasion was a merry one. On December 27th, at 11:00 A. M., we were fired upon by a German submarine. Two torpedoes were shot at us, which luckily missed their mark. The submarine was engaged and sunk by a plucky little destroyer and it was during the excitement of the battle that the joyous cry "Land!" arose. Belle Isle, off the western coast of France, crept up out of the sea and that night we dropped anchor in the harbor of St. Nazaire.

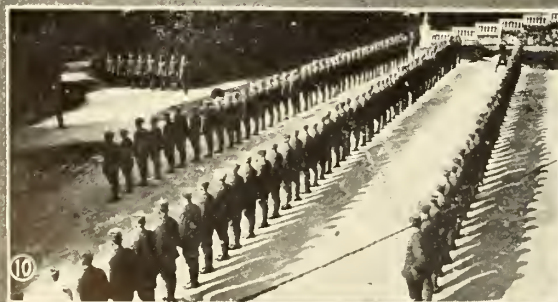
It was while we were lying at anchor in the harbor that our first casualty occurred. Corporal Fred M. Grube, who had not been well during the entire trip, grew rapidly worse the last days of our journey and on December 31st was taken ashore and placed in a hospital where he died a few hours later of pneumonia and was laid to rest in the little old churchyard of St. Nazaire. He was a good and faithful soldier and no higher praise could be given than this simple statement.

It was not until the morning of January 2nd that we left the ship and in the gray light of the winter morning we marched down the crooked streets of the old French seaport and boarded a troop train. Following the Loire river to the historic old city of Nantez, we turned south and arrived in our first camp in France.

Camp La Courtine proved cold and uninviting, possibly due more to the fact that here the first reactions from the excitement of our journey took place, than to any actual discomforts which we were obliged to undergo. Here we were, unacquainted with the language or the customs of the people we had come to help, and it must be confessed, homesick. So there is little wonder that this place holds few pleasant memories. In addition we learned shortly after our arrival, that the 41st Division was destined to become a replacement rather than a combat division. In view of the fact that this was the fifth division to arrive in France, the organization of the First Army Corps, which was to consist of four combat divisions and one replacement division, was completed.

Drilling was resumed and periods were devoted to lectures by the medical officers on subjects fitted to the training of sanitary troops. The rudiments of physiology, anatomy and hygiene were covered and first aid training and instructions in handling and carrying of the sick and wounded were given. No drill ground was available so hiking in the Cruse hills was a daily occurrence. Two replacement demands were made here and we lost forty men. We were quartered in a Cavalry stable, which, earlier in 1917, had been used by Russian troops. It was not long after taking up quarters in this place that we were able to supplement our shortage of books and daily papers by reading our shirts. Exciting tales indeed, some of them told and it was no uncommon sight to see several men gathered about one small candle, carefully scanning each seam and wrinkle. The performance, however, lacked the finesse and dexterity which characterized similar performances during the latter months of the war.

On January 23rd we moved again, this time in the much advertised French box cars. As a method of torture, riding several hundred kilometers



IN FRANCE

(1) Buglers 1st Corps Training School for Sanitary Troops, Thesee. (2) Lt. Graham before chateau at Selles-sur-Cher. (3) Sgts. Jess Haugen and John Schell equipped for battle (gas elert) in Medical Department. (4) Sgt. E. Hatch and George Kuhn in Selles-sur-Cher. (5) April of 1918 finds remains of Ambulance Co. 164 lined up at Selles-sur-Cher just before going to Thesee for intensive training. (6) Adam Faris, "The Top," at Selles-sur-Cher. (7) Stone cliff with wine cellars at Thesee. (8) A "Poilu." (9) Remains of one of Caesar's wine storehouses, Thesee. (10) Retreat. Our Company and Field Hospital 161, at Thesee. (11) Ambulance Co. 161 off for Bar-sur-Aube.

in one of them would have satisfied even Nero, whose opinion on such matters has always been considered the last word in devilish ingenuity. The French government, for some unknown reason, graded these cars as holding 8 horses or 40 men and each car is so labeled. Eight horses they might possibly hold, were they tightly pressed and neatly piled in cans, but forty men from the prairies of the West, never! After 32 men had crowded into a car, even the French transportation officer decided that the car was full. To sit down was impossible and when our strained muscles refused to longer support us, we formed layers somewhat similar to the shingles of a house, one layer lying on the feet of the next. Thus we managed to live through to our next stop which proved to be the picturesque and really beautiful city of St. Aignan.

A dense fog hid the lovely valley of the Cher as we stumbled half frozen and numb from our cramped positions so long sustained. Gloomy enough the depot and railroad yards looked, and we little thought that we would really grow to love this part of France and that it would become to us more like home than any other part of this beautiful country. Here we were for the first time billeted in French homes. Owing to the conditions brought about by the war, many houses in every town were vacant and these were turned over for use as billets. Sometimes the remnants of a French family would occupy the lower floor and the upper court would be used as sleeping quarters for soldiers. We were fortunate in drawing good clean quarters and as the process of adjustment to our new surroundings began to be felt, we straightaway remembered that we were in "Sunny France" and things looked brighter. Our training as an ambulance company went on. Sunny days found us seated about an old bridge not far from our billets, taking notes of lectures by the officers or marching along the narrow and crooked streets of the old town, toward the drill ground across the river.

Our old First Sergeant Bressler left the Company at this time with four men, and Sergeant McPhee was put in charge of the Company as top. The Company stayed at St. Aignan only one week when orders came to go to Montrichard, another small city some 18 kilometers distant to take charge of a camp infirmary there.

Montrichard is located about 30 kilometers south of the old city of Tours where the waters of the Cher join those of the Loire. This region is known as the Garden of France and the fertile valley is certainly worthy of the name. We reached Montrichard January 30th and were assigned good quarters in an old hotel in the central part of town. The camp hospital, which previous to our coming had been run by an order of the Catholic Sisters, who occupied a convent in the building opposite the hospital, was now handed over to us and the sick from the camps in and adjacent to Montrichard were sent to us for care and treatment. An epidemic of mumps made it necessary to enlarge our hospital and several billets in the neighborhood were fitted up as wards.

Several changes in our Company were here made. Captain McGuire left for school at Goundrecourt and the command was assumed by Lieutenant McClellen. The enlisted personnel was increased and drilling and lectures continued. Our organization was being used as a training battalion which in addition to our duties in the infirmary and the sanitary work of the town, this work having been turned over to us, kept us very busy.

The days slipped by rapidly and spring was soon at hand. We became acquainted with many of the French inhabitants and by this time had learned to convey some of our ideas to these people by a combination of the sign language and our few words of broken French ably assisted by the ever present dictionary. We found the French people very kind and after we had learned their ways we found them to be as considerate of our welfare as even our home folks. Our mail came regularly during these weeks, the average time necessary for a letter to reach us from home being about four weeks.

March 8th the company was ordered to go to Noyers, not far from St. Aignan, to build a camp hospital. Leaving sufficient men to operate the infirmary and the detail in charge of the sanitation of the town, the rest of the company marched to Noyers, a distance of about twenty kilometers and were again billeted comfortably. Our work here consisted in assembling the already prepared sections of the fifteen buildings which were to constitute camp hospital No. 26. The work was hard, but as spring was coming and the trees were leafing out it was cheerfully done.

The company lost thirty-seven men and four non-commissioned officers by transfer on March 16th. The following week twenty more men left for the sanitary school at Thesee, but work on the hospital still went on. In the meantime we had received orders from headquarters stating that the men we had left at Montrichard were no longer members of our company but were now an independent organization, known as Camp Infirmary No. 2.

The low water mark of the company, relative to members, was reached at this time, the enlisted personnel now consisting of only forty men. On April 20th we left for Thesee to attend Sanitary School at that place and be again organized into an active ambulance company preparatory to leaving for the front.

Thesee is a typical little French town midway between St. Aignan and Montrichard. The chief feature of the village is the beautiful chateau and grounds, which was owned and occupied before the war by a French count and since then had remained unoccupied until it was given over to the American forces to be used as a school for Sanitary Troops and incidently to be nicknamed "The West Point of France" by the boys. Here military discipline was rigidly enforced. Personal inspections were made daily and all formations, especially retreat, were formally observed. The forenoons were devoted to lectures and every phase of the work which would fall to the lot of an ambulance company was thoroughly covered. The afternoons were filled with drilling in formations and in the use of that faithful friend, the gas mask, which from then on during the rest of the war was to be constantly at our side. Each man was sent through the gas chambers in order to test the mask and his ability to breathe through it.

It was at Thesee that we again met Ambulance Company 164, also originally members of the Second North Dakota Regiment and having military experience somewhat similar to our own. A detailed account of this organization from the time of its origin until they also entered the Sanitary School at Thesee precedes this.

AMBULANCE COMPANY "161"

A few days after the arrival of Ambulance Companies 161 and 164 at the Thesee Sanitary School, orders were received uniting the two companies as the 161st Ambulance Company. Therefore from now on until the end of the war the history of one company is also a history of the other.

The union was a successful one and the two organizations merged without friction. The number of enlisted men was increased from the school to the regulation strength of an ambulance company (122 men) and from this time until the end of the war remained as a permanent organization, the personnel, with a few exceptions, remaining intact.

Lieutenant John B. Kinne, formerly in charge of Ambulance Company 164, took command of the reorganized company. Lieutenants Milton P. Graham and W. E. Whitlock, also from the old 164th Ambulance Company, completed our list of commissioned officers. Adam Faris was made First Sergeant; Donald McPhee, Transportation Sergeant; John Kennelly, Gas N. C. O., and Ralph Hansen, Supply Sergeant. Our kitchen, which had always been a source of pride and pleasure to the company and rated by authoritative parties as the best kitchen in the A. E. F., was put in under the charge of Marion C. Houser as Mess Sergeant, with Cooks Charles Nejedly and Dan Girvan in charge of operations. Eight ambulances were issued to the company. Drivers were selected and Fred Arndt was made mechanic.

All details of the organization were completed, when on May 9th we entrained at Thesee and started on our journey to the front. The ambulances, which were to make the trip overland, had started on their journey the previous day. The trip was most pleasant and comfortable one we had taken. The spring sun was warm and the trees and hedges were in full leaf. At Noyers we had the pleasure of greeting our first commanding officer, Captain Welch, who shook hands with the boys and wished us success in our work at the front. Captain Welch was then in charge of a remount station near Selles-sur-Cher.

Our destination was to be that part of the fighting line known generally as the Vosges sector and formed the southeastern part of the fighting line. Alsace and Lorraine bordered this front. The Fifth Division, to which we were now attached, were then at Bar-sur-Aube, not far from Chaumont, General Pershing's Headquarters, and about 50 kilometers from the fighting line. Here we stopped after a pleasant trip which had taken us through the historic towns of Vierzon, Troyes and Orleans. At Bar-sur-Aube we were quartered in a hospital very similar to the one we had built at Noyers. Lieutenant Graham was sent on D. S. to the 14th Machine Gun Company, where he remained until we left Bar-sur-Aube. A small detail was sent to the French military hospital in the town to help care for the American soldiers who were sent there from the various camps in the vicinity. The company spent the time in making roads and driveways through the hospital grounds.

Leaving Bar-sur-Aube May 31st, we went by train to Corcieux, a little village in the heart of the Vosges mountains and about 10 kilometers behind the lines. Here we heard for the first time the booming of artillery and saw the



(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)



(5)



(6)



(7)



(8)



(9)



(10)

VOSGES AND ENVIRONS

(1) Sgt. Hansen's detail on supply car going to Bar-sur-Aube. (2) "Eight Chevaux, 40 Hommes" Pullman. (3) Camping in La Chapelle, Vosges. Detail to guard baggage. (4) "Heine" and Hansen always liked to help drive the oxen in the Vosges. (5) Sgt. Kennelly and Robert Sours in Camp Hospital No. 42 at Bar-sur-Aube. (6) Dinner at Bar-sur-Aube, Combs Bros, at end of line. No linen. (7) French barracks at Fraize, where we got acquainted with Boche 75s sent over the hill you see in the picture. (8) One of a thousand typical buildings in Raon-Le-Etape. Result of German malice. (9) La Chapelle railroad yards. (10) Camouflaged road between Raon and St. Die. Note dense foliage strewn over wire netting on the right (enemy) side.

flashes of the high explosive shells. These sounds and sights grew familiar to us as time went on, for from this time to the end of the war we were never out of hearing of the big guns.

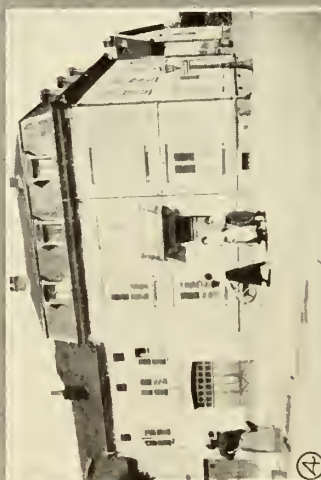
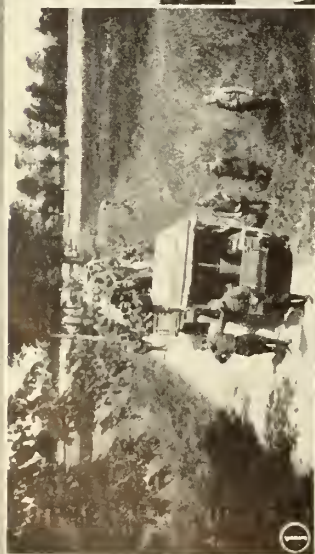
At this time the sanitary train belonging to the Fifth Division was still in camp in the States, and it was now doubtful if they would be sent across, so the intention of the division officers was to form a new Sanitary Train using the 161st Field Hospital and our Ambulance Company as skeletons for the new train and fill the companies with casualties from the school at Thesee. Following this intention a detail from both companies was selected and a new organization was made. It was to be an animal drawn ambulance company and was put in command of Lieutenant Whitlock. The arrival of the Fifth Division Sanitary Train, however, changed this plan and Lieutenant Whitlock and our men rejoined the company later at Fraize.

After spending a few days at Corcieux we marched to Fraize, about 11 kilometers north and east, which brought us to about six kilometers or about three and a half miles from the trenches and within easy range of the German artillery, as we were afterwards to learn.

Here our work as an ambulance company began in earnest. Our ambulances now numbered eighteen, a detail having gone from Corcieux to Langres for extra cars. These cars were sent out on duty with different regiments, only a few being on duty with the company. Dressing station parties and litter bearers were sent out to work in Battalion and Regimental aid stations. (It will be impossible in this place to record the adventures or more than mention these details. Their experiences will be found much more interesting and real as told by members of these parties in another part of this volume.)

The Vosges sector had been used during the greater part of the war by both Germans and the French troops as a sort of rest area. The entrance of Americans into the war changed these conditions somewhat. The sector now, besides being a rest sector for the French troops, was also a training sector for the boys in O. D. The inevitable result came, for the Yanks were unable to quite grasp the fact that they could get military training without trying out some of their new guns. This came as a painful surprise to the Huns in this sector, who replied in kind and soon it was anything but a quiet sector. While here we were under command of the French army authorities.

The town of Fraize was shelled several times during our stay and the hospital, where the company was quartered, received its share of missiles, but comparatively little damage was done. Aerial battles here were of almost hourly occurrence and became so common an affair that the only attention paid to them was to keep out of the way of falling shell fragments. To the casual observer it seemed that few scores were made by the anti-aircraft guns compared to the enormous amount of ammunition used. However, even if few hits were made the barrage prevented the enemy from penetrating far over our line and thereby getting more information of our positions and moving troops. It must be admitted that Germany in preparing for this was thorough in her methods. Experience developed the fact that her maps and charts of France were just as complete and correct as those of the French. The elevation of every road and position was known, so it was an easy matter for German artillery men to shell any particular place or road. An instance of this kind will suffice to illus-



RAON-LE-ETAPE AND ST. DIE.

- (1) On the road from Arches to Roanle Etape.
- (2) We were allowed three trucks.
- (3) Officers had a lodge sedan then.
- (4) Raon le Etape—Our Old Ragged Lady (to the left).
- (5) Our C. O. beside his "Abri" which reads 100 (capacity).
- (6) Our office and quarters four miles from firing line at Raon.
- (7) Graves of our Honored Dead, at St. Die.
- (8) Mooney, Kuhn, Green, Kintzi.
- (9) Our four heroes lie buried here.

trate this point. A machine gun battalion was marching toward the front to take their position in the trenches at this place for the first time. They were observed by a German aircraft, who, it is supposed, reported their formation and position to the German artillery, who, allowing accurately for the time and movement of the column, were able by their exact knowledge of the country, to drop shells in the very midst of the marching men. Heavy casualties resulted and our ambulances were called out in force to transport the wounded and gassed men.

The fighting line in the Vosges sector conformed very closely to the old border of Alsace Lorraine with a few indentations here and there, which extended for a short distance over the border. Our divisions being the first Americans to occupy this sector, had the distinction of being the first American troops to actually set foot on German soil.

It came as a surprise to us to find civilians living in apparent security so close to the lines. We found there little children of four years and under who had been born within sound of the cannon fire and who had heard every hour of their lives the rumble of "les canons." The only explanation possible to obtain was the extreme tenacity of the provincial French to remain undisturbed in possession of the place that has been theirs through generations. When it became necessary to evacuate a French village on account of the approach of the enemy, great difficulty was experienced in persuading the inhabitants, especially the older people, to leave their homes. The security, however, was only apparent and casualties were frequent among the inhabitants. Each house was provided with a well barracaded shelter or "cave du bombardment," where the family and those passing by would run for shelter when shelling of the town began. The nervous strain was great and was evidenced by haggard faces and the lurking terror which lay in the eyes of the women and children, so different from the natural care-free spontaneity of the French nature.

On July 5th, the division being relieved for a rest, our company was re-assembled and went back a few miles to Arches for a short rest.

On July 14th, the national holiday of France, the company was given the privilege of visiting Epinal for the celebration, and, being the first opportunity we had had to observe the customs of the people on such an occasion, the day was one that will be long remembered. The advance by the enemy on Paris at this time was at its height of success, for it will be remembered that four days later, July 18th, the tide turned with the American victories at Chateau Thiery. It was on account of unusual military activity that on this date the streets of Epinal were thronged with the representatives from the armies of every Allied country, and, with addition of the Colonial troops of England and France, the scene was an impressive one.

Early on the morning of July 15th we loaded our camp equipment and started back to the front. This time our destination was Raon l'Etape, another mountain town about eight kilometers from the line. Our road to this place led us through the famous Blenot woods, the scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the year 1914, when the Germans advanced as far as Ramblervillers. In these woods, their graves marking the spot where they fell, lies some 40,000 of the bravest and best of French manhood and of the flower of the French army. Their graves line the road for miles and as far as the eye can see through the

trees on either side, rose here and there crosses which mark the resting place of men who willingly gave their lives for something they love far better. Loving hands have erected a beautiful monument to the memory of these "Alpine Chausseurs." It stands on the summit of the mountain overlooking the beautiful valley in which lies the little city of Raon l'Etape.

Moving, since we were issued our transportation, was a simple and easy matter. The ambulances carried not only our field equipment, but the men as well. The kitchen truck was so loaded that the essentials of a meal were easily secured and when mealtime overtook us on the road only a few minutes were required to produce a fairly complete dinner.

Raon l'Etape, once a prosperous little city, we found partly in ruins. It had been occupied for about three months, in 1914, by the Germans and when they were later obliged to withdraw, every building of any public character whatever was deliberately destroyed. The French mountain people, whose first characteristic is their love of home, had returned and taken up their life among the ruins. Here we found them with their little stores and shops, some of them in buildings that had only a corner or one side blown away and the apertures closed by piling up the debris of rocks and masonry, living in hopes of better times ahead.

Our quarters here, although not intended for cold or inclement weather were well suited for summer use. The open space between the boards allowed splendid ventilation and gave us ample light as well. The good tile roof protected us from the rain, so we were quite comfortable.

From here, as before, dressing station parties were sent out to the different posts and stations in the vicinity. A detachment of our ambulances was stationed at St. Die, about 16 kilometers from Raon, in charge of Lieutenant Whitlock, where sick and wounded were carried from the front lines to the hospitals there, for treatment and later evacuated to Bruyeres and Rambler-villers. Gassed patients were evacuated to Baccarat.

Pleasant memories will ever be associated in our minds with the little town of Raon, for here we came for rest and recreation during the several months we were stationed on this sector. We grew to know and admire the people of the place. Who among us will ever forget the old bridge, blown up by the Huns, but temporarily repaired, under which we used to gather for lectures and gas drills, or the pleasant swimming pool just above it, where we spent so many refreshing hours, splashing about in the cool mountain stream. The French children, too, who gathered about us on pleasant summer evenings, in the small courtyard in front of our billet, will always be remembered. And little Eugenie, who afterwards wrote such quaint letters, in one of which she informed us that, "After your depart came American soldiers of the division of the cat." She referred to the 81st division, who took for the insigna of their division the wild cat and a small chevron representing this animal was worn on the left shoulder of each member. Nor would the tale be complete without mentioning Fritzie, the little fellow who showed up so regularly at meal times, with his can and spoon, and who had swelled visibly by the time we left the place.

Raon was also used by the French as a sort of rest camp and many pleasant evenings were spent in the square, listening to the military bands of the

French and later of the Americans. One band especially, a colored band belonging to the 368th Infantry of the 92nd Division, created a sensation in the town among the civilian population as well as among the soldiers. All the old southern melodies we loved and which only colored men can do justice to were played and frequently the music would die down and the rich baritone voice of the drum major would be heard, singing some old time favorite song and the chorus would be swelled by the rich harmony of the voices of the others. They fairly danced as they marched to the alluring measures of some ragtime tune and the old story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin held a new significance after we watched the actual frenzy with which the children followed closely at the heels of the musicians.

The sad chapter of our history must here follow, and in order to fully understand the occurrence, a short account must be given of the events that led to the sad affair. A few kilometers to the north and east of St. Die lies the little village of Frapelle, which had been since the beginning of the war in the hands of the Germans and formed an awkward salient in the line. To reduce this salient became the object of the American commanders shortly after entering this sector. Plans were therefore perfected and on August 15th the position was stormed and afterwards fell. Owing to the nature of the country, the advance was costly, and, as the location was in a cup-like valley, gas attacks were particularly severe. On August 21st our company was called upon to furnish a detail to relieve medical detachments who had been on duty since the attack began. The detail of 35 men arrived at the dressing station just outside of the village and were waiting to be assigned to duty, when a shell landed in their midst, killing three instantly and wounding two others, one of whom died on the way to the hospital. The rest of the detachment found shelter in dugouts and in the nearby trenches and there followed some thirty minutes of severe bombardment of our positions. Here again was shown the exactness of the knowledge of the country held by the Germans. Our small detachment was no doubt sighted by the enemy airmen and reported, for there was no German artillery positions in the direction from which shells came closer than 10 or 12 kilometers.

Lieutenant Kinne came that night and took the bodies of our comrades to St. Die, where they were buried next day with military honors. All members of the company, who were not absent on detail, were present and all was done that could be done to honor our comrades who had made the supreme sacrifice.

On August 16th our company was transferred from the Fifth Division, which was called to one of the sectors in the northern part of the American front, to the 92nd Division, which was then coming to the Vosges sector for training. The 92nd was a colored division and while we remained with them we did the ambulance work for the entire division. A detail from our company was sent to the hospital at St. Die, and dressing station details were sent to the hospital at St. Die, and dressing station details were again sent to the various places.

From here the first furloughs were granted and early in September eleven of the boys started joyfully southward for a week's stay at Aix-les-Bains, a famous watering place and summer resort in the Savoie country, not far from the Swiss and Italian borders. It was a splendid trip and fully enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to go.

With moving orders for the 92nd Division, came moving orders for us, and a dispute arose here between the French authorities and the incoming 81st Division on one side and the 92nd Division on the other. The 81st were without transportation and wanted us to remain with them as we knew the sector thoroughly and our work being highly appreciated by the French military authorities, they also wished us to remain in this sector. After several days of dispute it was finally decided that we remain with the 92nd until they received their ambulances. On September 22nd we left the pleasant little city of Raon, with lively regrets, not only on our part, but on the part of the people as well.

Our journey took us to the south of Toul and Nancy, through Bar-le-Duc, Commercy and Triacourt, where we spent a day hidden in the woods, and that night proceeded to a place known as Huzzard Farm, not far from Verdun, and in the heart of the Argonne forest. We arrived at this place on the morning of September 25th, and were held in reserve during the first few days of the beginning of the famous Argonne drive. The terrible barrage put over by the French and American artillery at this place on September 26th-27th was accepted as the most terrible in history and will never be forgotten by those who heard and witnessed it.

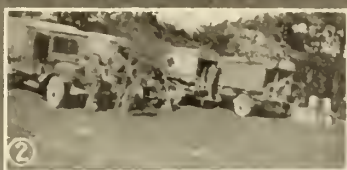
September 30th we went a few kilometers west to St. Menehould, where the transportation section only were called out. Driving in this sector was extremely difficult owing to the fact of the terrific effect of the artillery fire on the roads. However, good work was done and too much credit cannot be given to the boys at the wheel, for during the many months at the front, not once was a trip abandoned or the object of the trip not attained.

The 92nd Division was ordered to the "Toul Sector" and on October 4th we were again on the move. Going out we stopped for two days' rest at Passavant, a little village near the Marne. Continuing on our journey we followed the Marne river where that gallant stand was made early in the year and passed through St. Mihiel and Toul and camped in the woods near Jaillon. Here we stayed for a week, awaiting orders, and, owing to the fact that no fires were allowed after dark and the weather continuing to be rainy and cold, we were far from comfortable.

The morning of October 10th found us again on the move and our destination this time was Millery, a little town on the Moselle river, about midway between Nancy and the German town of Metz. A few miles down the river lay the once beautiful town of Pont au Mousson, but now almost entirely destroyed. It was from this place that most of the evacuation was done. The trenches at this time lay about one and a half kilometers from the center of the town. Pont au Mousson was subject to shell fire and air raids, for the Hun, on his way to Nancy and Toul, would often lighten his load of explosives by a few bombs directed at some part of the town, or moving trucks or ambulances. The infirm-ary was located in the cellar of one of the large buildings and escaped all bombardments.

From a hill near our camp at Millery, Metz could be seen and several other towns of lesser importance.

Several cases of Spanish Influenza made their appearance in the company and the boys were taken to the field hospital at that place for care and treatment. Twenty-one members of the company were here given leaves and took a week's furlough in the Savoie area.



IN THE BIG ARGONNE DRIVE

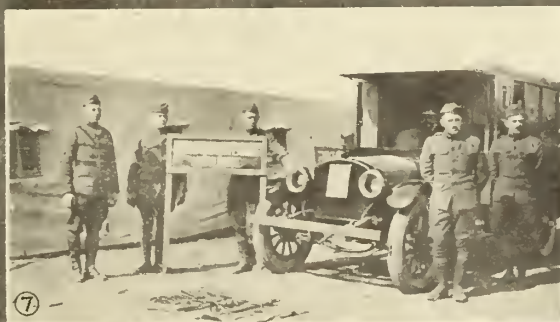
(1) Kitchen and chow wagon camouflaged just west of Clermont at Huzzard Farm, Argonne forest. (2) Ambulance camouflaged awaiting call at Huzzard Farm. (3) Battle graves are dug just where the soldiers fall—French and American. (4) On the road from Argonne to Toul sector. Lt. Whitlock, Transportation Officer, in front of Ambulance. (5) At Passavant awaiting orders (before 4). (6) A captured German dugout. (7) Sebastapool—Evacuation Hospital No. 1. (8) Ambulance Co. 161 Dressing Station, Thenorgues, Argonne. (9) Results of a well directed German shell. (10) Sgt. Hansen getting a few souvenirs. (11) Kennelly and Wassel in front of a German Infirmary, Argonne drive. (12) Sgt. Kennelly on one of the German "Big Boys." (13) Our cooks—Jackman, Scotty and Charlie.

The 92nd Division here received their transportation and we were relieved from duty with them and were transferred to the Second Army and were assigned to duty at Evacuation Hospital No. 1. This hospital is located just out of Toul. Here we went on October 29th and met with pleasure a number of our old men who were transferred to Evacuation Ambulance No. 1 at La Courtine and had been at this place since that time. Here it was discovered that we rightfully belonged not to the Second Army, but to the First Army Corps of the First Army and were assigned for duty as Corps Troops with them. After spending a few days in rest and reorganization we started joyfully on our way—this time to take a part in the famous drive on the Meuse.

The destruction of the cities and towns on other parts of the front, which we had seen, were as nothing compared to the havoc wrought in the wake of the drive on the Meuse. Towns were leveled to the ground, others had corners or parts of walls standing, which from a distance looked more like a cemetery than a village. While at Apremont news was received that the peace convoy had crossed the lines to treat with Marshall Foch, and quite a demonstration was made, much greater indeed than any subsequent ones when the armistice was actually signed. An interesting feature of this place was the quarters which had been occupied by the Germans troops since 1914. The camps were elaborate and showed signs of considerable ingenuity in devising articles for comfort and ornament, such as arm chairs, beds, cupboards and many articles carved out of wood. A remarkable camp had been made near Grand Pre; on the north side of a hill. Eight rows of terraced streets lined the hillside, built up of small wooden buildings, each leading to dugouts back into the hill. The hill was practically undermined with underground rooms, which were arranged comfortably and electric lighted. At the top of the hill was a cemetery in which were buried German soldiers. The wooden crosses which marked the graves of the fallen, some of which were artistically hand carved, bore dates ranging from the year 1914 to within a few weeks of our arrival at that place.

The pleasure and interest in visiting these places was spoiled by the propensity of the retreating Germans to set traps for the curious and unwary. Often innocent looking objects, such as canes, guns, books and many other objects so prized by the American soldiers as souvenirs were attached to bombs. A story is told in this connection of a piano which was left in one of the rooms evidently used by the German soldiers as a recreation room. To a certain key of this piano was attached the connecting wire of a bomb. The explosion following the touching of this key was fatal to the musician. A few instances of this kind occurring in our own vicinity, luckily none happening in our own Company, increased our caution and every object was looked upon with suspicion. The procedure of one of our Company, who wished to secure a German pack as a souvenir, is illustrative of the precaution devised. He attached a long wire to the pack and went to the opposite side of the hill before pulling over the pack. No bomb was attached to the pack but the caution used was commendable and had all used equal care fewer deaths would have resulted from this treacherous and cowardly method of warfare.

At Thenorgues a little village not far from Sedan, we established a relay station, the purpose of which was to furnish medical treatment and incidently a cup of hot coffee and a sandwich to the sick and wounded, who were being transported to the rear. A number of French refugees, who were being sent



IN ARGONNE, TONNERRE AND MONTIGNY LE RESLE

(1) Ambulance Co. 161 lined up in the Argonne at Camp Mallery. (2) Our non-commissioned personnel—Above (from left to right) Kennelly, Hansen, Powers, Hatch, Jirschele, Schell, Houser, McPhee, Caldwell, Breitenfeldt, Toetcher. Below—Houck, (Trixy) Miller, Henderson, Tipper, Faulds, Milman. (3) "Scotty" Girvan, Kennelly and Jackman. (4) Cooks, KP's and Mess Sgt. Houser in Argonne. (5) Sgt. McPhee and Transportation Department. (6) P. Charlot's Store American band—at Montigny. (7) Our prize Horseshow ambulance—Tonnerre. Capt. Kinne, Farnen, Denny, Ward and Holliday. (8) Litter bearer demonstration at horseshow. (9) Capt. Graham and litter bearer section at horseshow. (10) Fraga, Best, Wunch, Owens, Oppenheimer. (11) Major Gen. Wright (facing in the trio) at Tonnerre. (12) Horseshow at Tonnerre. (13) Our basketball team. (See writeup.)

back from the recaptured towns and villages also passed through our station. Our ambulances were on duty with the evacuation ambulance units operating in this sector.

The armistice was signed on November 11th, while we were at this place. On November 16th we left Thenorgues and for the first time since arriving in the Zone of Advance in May, we turned our faces from the front and started on our first lap for home. Home became the center of all thought, now that the object of our mission to France had been accomplished. Our first stop in our homeward journey was at the historic old city of Varennes.

After two days at this place we proceeded to a French camp at Rarecourt arriving there November 18th. On the day of our arrival in this camp First Sergeant Faris received his well merited promotion to Second Lieutenant and was assigned as Sanitary Officer, to our Company. The first sergeancy was assumed by John Kennelly to the satisfaction of all.

Thanksgiving day spent in this camp stands out as a bright spot in the rather gloomy period spent here. In spite of the untiring efforts of the mess sergeant no fresh meat was available and so we were given "corned willy," well camouflaged. A dining hall was arranged in one of the barracks where both men and officers gathered and a splendid dinner was enjoyed. Speeches were in order after dinner and Captain Kinne was made toastmaster. All the officers were heard from, as well as many of the boys. Aaron Eichengreen sang "If You Don't Like Your Beans and Hardtack," which, under the circumstances, was hugely appreciated. At last the dinner party broke up and each one present voted the occasion a success, but, at the same time, hoped that it would be the first and last Thanksgiving dinner in the stillness of the big trees of the Argonne forest.

It rained nearly every day and the mud and slush made the long days of waiting even more miserable. Although all were comfortably quartered in barracks each one longed to go home and even his dreams of home would be interrupted by the rudeness of the rats who insisted that having any kind of food in sleeping quarters was against Army Regulations and they insisted on doing their bit in helping to enforce this law by frequent and thorough inspections. It was quite a common occurrence to have a rat run over your bed and scurry across your head, and some of the boys were even fortunate enough to have some of these for bedfellows; others objected to such familiarity and a campaign was waged upon the rat. Trixy, aided by a lantern, was probably the most effective weapon of extermination, although poison also helped deplete their ranks. This warfare continued till December 22.

It was a dark, cloudy, early Sunday morning when we left the Argonne Forest on trucks and in ambulances. We had five trucks and twelve ambulances then and we moved along towards Tonnerre and camped that Sunday night in Choarce in some empty military barracks. It was raining and the narrow roads were slippery and with the Quad trucks, it was almost impossible to keep on the road. A fire was built at Choarce and a hot breakfast obtained before we started out again. The company generally stopped at meal time when traveling on the road and by the use of a few pieces of wood we made a fire and with the water in the supply tanks of the ambulances made coffee that tasted better to us than any percolated coffee ever did. We arrived at 2

o'clock December 23, by way of St. Florentin, in the little village of Montigny Le Resle, Yonne, where we were to live till April 1. Here we received a royal warm welcome and were greeted as heroes and friends by the French population. This little town boasted a population of seven hundred before the war, but we were told that for every three men who were able bodied enough to be in the service one had been killed and one had been disabled. This left a great many widows and children without any means of support. All the people of this little village were glad to welcome the U. S. soldiers, and they did everything possible to make the long winter hours more cheerful for us.

Geese and turkeys were bought for miles around until enough were obtained to feed all the First Corps Sanitary Train men for Christmas and a real Christmas dinner was served with abundance of good things to eat for every one.

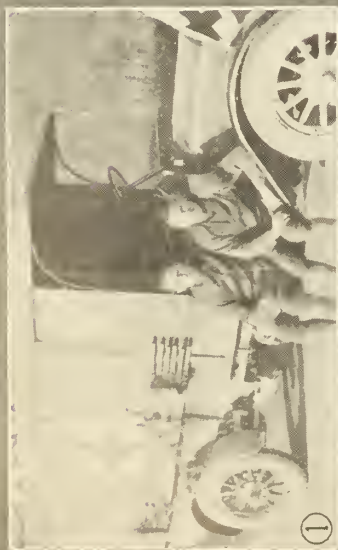
With some difficulty a large consignment of wood was purchased by our Town Mayor, Lieutenant W. E. Whitlock, and our Supply Officer, Captain Wm. Longstreth. This wood was hauled in by trucks and piled up near the mess barracks for future use. This supply of wood and the liberal use of the French homes assured us a comfortable winter. The wood was very expensive and prices varied from 40 to 160 francs per cord, but expense was not considered when the health of the American soldier was in the balance.

For amusements in this little town the French mademoiselles put on a dance every week in our recreation hall and their own hall. We all became quite proficient in dancing in a space about eight feet square, as all the town people of all ages insisted on seeing the fun without regard to the space they occupied. Besides the dances we had some kind of entertainment by Y. M. C. A. or by soldier talent once or twice a week, and boxing, wrestling, marching and basketball furnished the chief amusements. Side issues were awaiting orders, sending souvenirs home, trying to get shoes mated, packing up, helping preserve French wines, attending school, where some of our men learned to read and write, and going on leave to Paris and Nice.

The ambulances made daily trips of about sixty miles to Tonnerre and back carrying patients to the Camp Hospital from all points along the line. Horse shows exhibitions and transportation of professional entertainers were also part of our duties. Daily we expected orders to go home, but none came till March 23, 1919, when we received orders to expedite preparations for travel to the United States. This welcome news spread rapidly. It was necessary to fix up all the roads and alleys we used before we left. Willing hands worked rapidly and the school yard, Camille Darlot's court yard and a few other roads were filled in with crushed rock and gravel which we hauled for four or five miles on trucks. The "Cooties" were searched for daily and inspections of equipment came nearly every time the bugle blew. Nothing must delay us at embarkation port and in our efforts along those lines we were successful, for we were ready when we got there.

The ambulances were taken to Romarantine by Sergeant McPhee and his transportation outfit on March 27 and they returned via Paris, some of them visiting it for the first time.

On April 1 at 2 P. M., after bidding farewell to everyone in town, we left Montigny. The entire population were out on the Main street to see us go and



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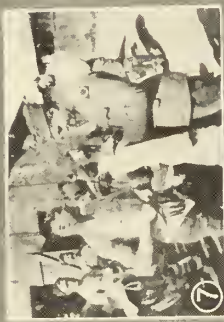
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MONTIGNY—ON LEAVE, AND MARSEILLES

(1) "Bony" Smith, "Dutch" Houser and "No. 4." (2) Nice scene—Old Roman amphitheatre. (3) Capt. Kinne on one of Southern French roads near Italian border. (4) Full pack inspection at Montigny. Sgt. Ricks in foreground. (5) This barb wire enclosure for all soldiers at Camp Covington, Marseilles, left a bad taste in our mouths for the army. (6) Corporal Ferrel before the office and barracks at Covington. (7) Capt. Graham reads "Bony" Smith's shirt for cooties. Daily occurrence. (8) Five minute halt on the way to boat. (9) On way to Mediterranean. (10) Ready to "fall in" at Montigny. (11) Sofia, Austria American line, took us home. (12) Marching "single file" up to Sofia.

some of the farewell partings were quite touching. The men of ambulance company 161 will never forget the kind treatment afforded us by the French people of that little town.

We boarded four German coaches at 10 P. M. at Vergigny after an eight-hour waiting period and started out for Marseilles and home. We traveled very little the first night and was just a little south of Tonnerre when it became daylight enough to locate ourselves. We traveled down to Lyon and were sidetracked there most of that night and then the next day we went down to Avignon and stopped there. The company was marched up town and dismissed for a short time. At six o'clock we again started south and arrived at Marseilles at 11:55 P. M. on April 3, 1919. We marched to Embarkation Camp No. 6 nearly two miles out and were given barracks to sleep in with the familiar wire netting and straw mattress bunks. The camp was dry and clean but it was a walled city as far as privileges and passes were concerned. The company was allowed to go out once with a camp officer and then only to the top of a neighboring craggy height that overlooked the harbor. There was a stone wall around the camp when we came and they built an eight-foot wall on top of that with three strands of barbed wire as a finishing touch to prevent soldiers from going out. This was made more certain by placing double guards outside the wall. Inside the camp they had another enclosure for prisoners which was superfluous as anyone in the camp was a prisoner. However the company survived those trivial things and even the almost regular nightly kitchen police duty and daily we hoped for our boat to come in. Boats came and went taking troops till finally the Austrian ship, Sofia, run by an Italian crew, steamed into the harbor. It was first rumored, then denied, then finally confirmed that Ambulance Company 161 was actually going to leave France on that boat. Joy was unbounded and hearts were beating rapidly in expectancy, although we had been disappointed so often we were rather loathe to believe wholly and without doubt that we would actually get out on the Sofia. It was not yet Sunday when she arrived and lest the company should establish a new precedent we must wait till our regular moving day came, for to establish precedents in the army is often a fatal project; so we waited till Easter morning, the 20th day of April, to begin our journey. Reserve rations of "corn willie" and hardtack were issued for the last time in our existence lest we should stage the Robinson Crusoe act and starve to death on some island. Salmon, our good old favorite "gold fish," was also issued to each man lest he might forget what it tasted like before he got home. We arose early and packs were rolled and everyone was anxious to be on the way. At 7:45 A. M. the company was assembled on the ball field, where some very exciting games had been played and when all were lined up on the field we found there were to be about 1100 men and 39 officers with their packs and baggage to go on one small boat and one could not help but wonder where they were going to put them all and the wondering increased till they were finally bunked and staged in layers not unlike sardines, and probably not much more extra space proportion to the size of the sardine and the soldier. But the American soldier is noted for his versatility and they all fitted in there as well as elsewhere because they had much experience along this line in those compartment water-tank fourth class coaches and the small boxcars which seemed to be built short to keep railroads from being too long.



ON WAY TO UNITED STATES

- (1) On Sofia. White cardboard visers on overseas caps. (2) German trophies in Paris. (3) Sanitary train vs. navy playing ball at Gibraltar.
- (4) Mayor's welcome committee at New York. (5) Loading coal at Gibraltar. (6) Common scenes in Gibraltar. (7) Capt. Kinne searches for cooties. Daily occurrence. (8) With a two-inch stream of sea water and forty pounds pressure, the company gets a bath on the Sofia. (9) New York pier where we left the Sofia. (10) Field Hospital 161—Our running mates—Capt. Logsdon and Sgt. Ricks in foreground. (11) Major Wm. F. Smith, C. O. 1st Corps, San. Train on the Sofia. (12) The Tuscania life boats we were to use if necessary. It was not. (13) Last and final equipment inspection at Camp Covington, Marselles.

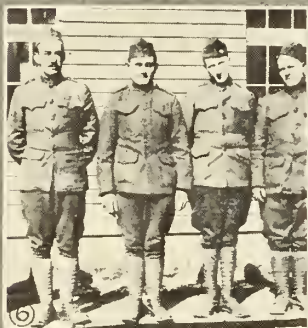
The west gate at Camp Covington was cleared at 8:24 A. M. and we soon noticed after we were on our two-mile jump off that we had lost Trixy. She had run off when we were on the ball field and had become lost in the camp. Everyone was feeling badly about this, but Trix was destined to come to America and see what a real country looked like and through the kindness of Major A. Helton she was returned to us at the boat. We arrived at the boat 11:15 A. M. and in single file passed by the Red Cross stand, received a towel, candy and cigarettes and climbed up the gangplank, and as each man gave his name as he went on he was rapidly directed to his second or third hold where he was to remain in this bunk till all were loaded. We were compelled to wait till 2:30 P. M. for more men, as we were twenty-three men short to fill the boat entirely full and since, as it was unofficially announced, the fare paid for each soldier was \$85 and for each officer \$125 with board it was to the best interests of the Italian crew to fill the boat to absolute capacity.

On the boat we found nearly all of the old 116th Sanitary Train, with the exception of the 164th Ambulance Company, which really never existed after the 161st went to the front and the 164th Field Hospital which remained down at our first La Courtine camp and came home ahead of us. Two bakery companies, a signal battalion, a few casual companies, the First Corps Sanitary Train and the rest of 116th Sanitary Train, who had been over in Coblenz, were the lucky ones to go on the Sofia.

We pulled out of the harbor and out into the sea at 2:30 P. M. April 20 and despite the fact there was little outward manifestations of joy and little cheering each one had an inward joy that filled him with gratitude. We were even willing to stop inquiring of the military police guard, "Who won the War?" and let them have their share of glory in the achievement.

The boat was a one-funnel emigrant ship, twenty years old, newly painted and cleaned up. It formerly belonged to the Austrian-American line and was part of the spoils turned over by Austria to Italy at the signing of the Armistice. It was very appropriate that we should be brought home first on German train coaches and then on an Austrian boat because the Huns sunk the good British ship *Tuscania* that brought us safely over the ocean. This boat *Sofia* had five decks, a wireless outfit, plenty of deck space, a steam kitchen, life boats and life preservers in every bunk, which were no novelty to us and which we were thankful we did not have to wear all the time, as we did on the previous trip. The crew did the cooking aided by a few men who desired to help by peeling potatoes.

The wind was blowing quite strong and as we got out away from the harbor the boat began to roll and then they fed us gold fish for supper and many were seasick for a few hours. We sailed slowly along and never made very great speed, our best twenty-four hour journey being 283 nautical miles. On Wednesday morning at about 4:30 we pulled around the corner of Gibraltar and lay at anchor for a while and then steamed into the coal docks under our own steam at 11 A. M. Preparations were made to take on about one thousand tone of fine dust coal which had come from Cardiff, Wales, and which the Captain of the *Sofia* said he paid between \$20 and \$25 a ton for. It was all loaded by hand and in baskets. Only three strikes by the loaders occurred in two days and one of them was settled by the foreman threatening the workers



HOME AND IN CANTONMENT GROUPS.

(1) Camp Dix. (2) Camp Dodge—Lt. Faris gives his last parting advice to the boys. Trixy went to Dodge with Powers. (3) Three N. D. "Germans" who helped clean the Kaiser—Schell, Toecker and Jirschele. (4) Camp Lewis (camera man missed two). (5) Camp Fort D. A. Russel. (6) Camp Upton (Camera man again left out some). (7) Camp Bowie, Texas, "Lone Star." (8) Camp Grant. (9) Camp Mills in 1919. Contrast it with picture taken in 1917. (10) Camp Presidio, California.

with a bowie knife. Everything was coal and dirt was everywhere. Fortunately we were all allowed to go on shore to see a ball game every day and to parade through the town, which is a beautiful quaint little British city filled with curio stores containing lace, fancy work and souvenirs. Many kinds of people of all races can be seen on the streets. The town is filled with Spanish people till the cannon signal at ten o'clock warns all Spanish to be out of the city before the gates to the walls of the city are closed. The great rock of Gibraltar was seen at close range and impressed one as being a very good target for large cannons, but so solid and large that shells would have little effect on it as a whole. The large cement floor used to catch rain water for the city is one of the most novel things there. While there our soldiers defeated the navy men in two baseball games on the Gibraltar diamond and lost one game to the marines. On the evening of April 25 we left Gibraltar, leaving two men of another company behind. We waited for seventy minutes after scheduled time, but then they did not appear and we raised anchor and pulled out at 8:50 P. M. for America. We rounded the Coast of Spain and saw the African coast for a few miles and then headed due west on our long journey.

The journey was very uneventful and for many days not even a ship was sighted. Reading material was scarce and there was no excitement. The sea was very calm most of the time, but on April 29 the wind blew from 40 to 45 miles per hour and made big swells and whitecaps. A few whales, a shark, pilot fish, Spanish men of war, a few swallows, and gulls, a couple of showers of rain, a community shower bath from a fire hose, one attempted murder of one of crew men, prolonged searches for cooties, a raffle, card games and music were the chief occupations for many days. We came west along the 32nd and 33rd parallel north of the Azores and when about one hundred miles east of the Bermudas we changed to a Northwesterly course and landed in New York harbor on May 9 at about 12:30 by New York time. We landed at Pier No. 7, U. S. Transport Service on the Brooklyn side. A boat met us in the harbor carrying the mayor of New York Welcome Committee and a band. Another band met us at the pier. We disembarked at 1:30 P. M. and there the Salvation Army gave us pie, cookies, candy and coffee, sent telegrams home for all of us and gave us post cards. The baggage was unloaded from the Sofia and we bade her adieu and took the ferry boat at Newburgh at 2:30 P. M. Here the First Corps Sanitary Train ceased to exist and the Headquarters left us and we took a Long Island Train to Long Island City, where trucks met us and took us to Camp Mills just as it was getting dark. The camp had changed so we hardly knew it. Barracks were at our disposal, steam heat, shower baths, electric lights and cement roads. We were not confined to camp either and most of the boys were anxious to see the bright lights of New York city and went at their first opportunity and as often afterward as their francs lasted.

Mrs. Frank White of Valley City, N. D., wife of Colonel White, who commanded the Smashing Second North Dakota Infantry, came out and visited the men and provided for a theatre party at the Hippodrome for all North Dakota men. This was possible through the generosity of the Masonic Lodge of North Dakota and was very much appreciated by about one hundred of the boys.

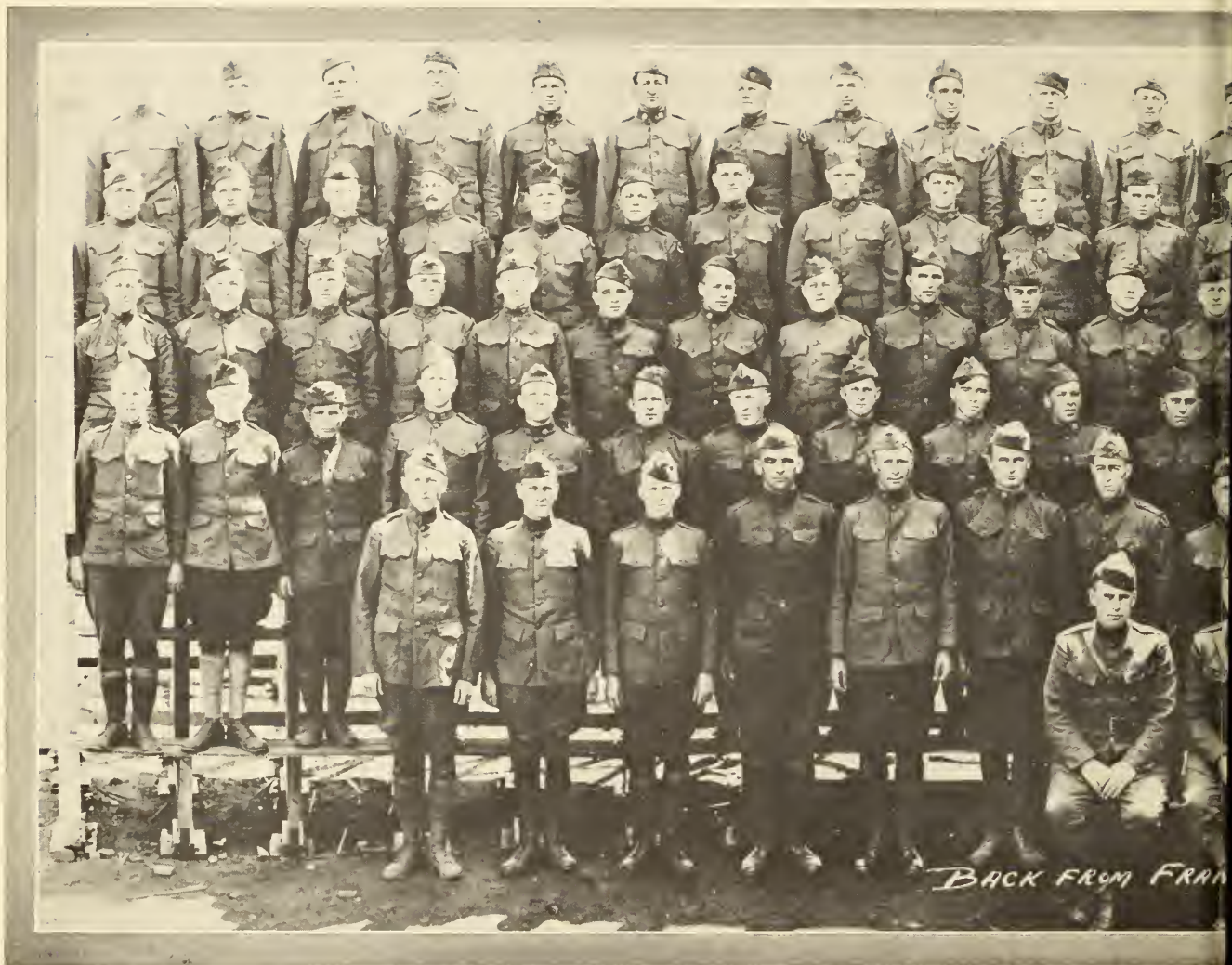
After seeing New York the men were then classified for demobilization according to the states they were from and at Camp Mills came the parting of the ways; those who had eaten together, slept together in dugouts, marched to-

gether, drove together, suffered the same privations and enjoyed the same blessings for nearly two years were forced to say farewell to those who lived in a state different from their own but the formality of farewell will never cause a true friend, tried out in time of need and found to be firm and steadfast, to be forgotten, and sacred memories of the comradeship, fellowship and loyalty to the same cause will keep a comradeship cemented together forever in the hearts of the men of Ambulance Company 161.

As each man was given his honorable discharge and the little red chevron sewed on his sleeve, he went out back into the great mass of humanity, there again to become his own master and his own counsel, he could not help but feel that, after all, Democracy was a principle that he would have been ashamed if he had not fought for, and liberty of ideas and soul are the only real essentials of happiness in human life. While pondering these thoughts he is quickly absorbed into his old work and society has assimilated him without any effort, but he will never forget the burning patriotism of a true citizen, which will always stay alive in his heart.

Every man of Ambulance Company 161 is a loyal, true, upright citizen and a wonderful, though often silent power, in his community and the fact that he sacrificed so much for the Cause of Liberty will always be a source of joy to him and will cause him to guard more sacredly than ever anything that would attempt to limit the freedom of a citizen of our glorious Republic.





I —Stork, Inglas, Francisco, H. Coombs, Hurley, Kalkman, M. Coombs, Flint, Love, Sours, Righetti, E. Wolfe, Kalb,
 II —Girvan, Dombrowe, M. Egan, F. Miller, Ayres, Gibcke, Ferguson, Messick, A. Wolf, Flanagan, Mullen, M. House
 III—Moore, McLean, Cousins, Cummings, Welch, Reid, Jackman, Graeger, G. Hallman, Handtmann, Dalen, Murd
 IV—Kendall, Van Tussenbrook, Morlas, Waddell, Stephens, Maher, Erickson, Kingsbury, W. Hallman, Murray, S
 V —Henderson, Toetcher, Breitenfeldt, Hansen, Houck, Powers, Hatch, Kennelly, McPhee, Caldwell, T. Miller, Jir
 VI —Faris, Kinne, Graham.



Ardnt, Manning, Smith, E. Hauser, Baber, Hove, Tucker, James, J. Egan.
 Atman, Michelotti, Farnen, McColeman, Sather, Lumsden, Crouse, McFarland, Hannibal, Lockie, P. Dickinson.
 Playter, McNally, Larsen,, Wilson, Brinker, Brackney, Ward, Paul Dickinson, Lyon, Norman, Hunscofsky.
 Nejedly, Retz, Wassel, Mailey, Halliday, Maltby, Dietzman, Castle, Roberts, Ballinger, Denny.
 Schell, Tipper, Eide.

Editor's Note—A few were absent on leave when picture was taken.

ROSTER

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Captain John B. Kinne-----
 -----817 W. 8th St., Aberdeen, Wash.
 Captain Milton P. Graham-----
 -----441 Finch Bldg., Aberdeen, Wash.
 Captain William E. Whitlock-----
 -----Box 176, Fort White, Florida
 Second Lieutenant Adam Faris-----
 -----3103 N. E. 7th St., DesMoines, Iowa

SERGEANTS, FIRST CLASS

John K. Kennelly-----Mandan, No. Dak.
 Donald J. McPhee-----Bismarck, No. Dak.

SERGEANTS

William A. Breitenfeldt-----Wibaux, Montana
 Edward L. Caldwell-----Beach, North Dakota
 Ralph G. Hansen-----Mandan, North Dakota
 Ernest G. Hatch-----Beach North Dakota
 Jesse E. Houck-----Beach, North Dakota
 Joseph W. Jirschele-----Beach, North Dakota
 John J. Milman-----New England, North Dakota
 Thomas R. Miller-----Bucklin, Kansas
 James E. Power-----Beach, North Dakota
 John F. C. Schell-----Beach, North Dakota
 Benjamin L. H. Toettcher-----
 -----123½ E. 4th St., Duluth, Minnesota

CORPORALS

Palmer L. Eide-----Beach, North Dakota
 John Faulds-----Santa Clara County, Suonyvale, Cal.
 George C. Ferrell-----
 -----445 So. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Lester W. Henderson-----Beach, North Dakota
 William C. Morrison-----
 -----808 Whittier St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Raymond R. Tipper-----
 -----501 6th Ave. N. W., Mandan, No. Dak.

COOKS

Donald Girvan-----Kintyre, North Dakota
 William C. Jackman-----
 -----3123 Roxbury St., Seattle, Washington
 Charles Nejedly-----Bismarck, North Dakota
 MECHANIC
 Fred L. Arndt-----Sweet Springs, Missouri

WAGONERS

Daniel E. Ayers-----232 Ainslie St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Albert S. Ballinger-----5916 Keith Ave., Oakland, Cal.
 Fred O. Crouse-----Steele, North Dakota
 Paul E. Dickinson-----Beach, North Dakota
 Raymond Francisco-----Belle Fourche, South Dakota
 Ernest T. Halliday-----
 -----194 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Edgar T. Houser-----Napoleon, North Dakota
 William E. Hurley-----Wheaton, Minnesota
 Ivan C. Lockie-----Pomeroy, Iowa
 John H. Love-----Ventura, California
 Daniel E. Lumsden-----Kermit, North Dakota

Oscar M. Overell-----

-----331 S. Mariposa, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Claribone C. Owens-----Brunswick, Tennessee
 Walter A. Smith-----704 7th St., Bismarck No. Dak
 James B. Ward-----R. F. D., Galt, California

PRIVATEs, FIRST CLASS

Marvin E. Baber-----Albemarle County, Warren, Va.
 Arthur T. Best-----
 -----517 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
 Homer F. Brackney-----Fort Collins, Colorado
 Clayton C. Castle-----Beach, North Dakota
 Jay W. Crawford-----El Paso, Texas
 Scott Denny-----5016 Victor St., Dallas, Texas
 John L. Egan-----Golva, North Dakota
 Melvin J. Erickson-----
 -----601 6th Ave. N. W., Mandan North Dakota
 James J. Farnen-----Kilkenny, Minn.
 Henry L. Ferguson-----Sanitarium, St. Helena, Cal.
 Charles Gibcke-----c/o Fire Dept., Hoquiam, Wash.
 William Hallman-----Skaar, North Dakota
 George Hallman-----Skaar, North Dakota
 Henry R. Handtmann-----Mandan, North Dakota
 James A. Inglis-----104 E. 3rd St., Seattle, Wash.
 Elmer James-----Circle, Montana
 Frank W. Kalb-----Chattanooga, Tennessee
 John H. Kalkman-----Arvid, North Dakota
 Harry A. Kendall-----Pine Grove, Pennsylvania
 Nels Larson-----Sentinel Butte, North Dakota
 George F. Oppenheimer-----
 -----R. F. D. 12, Westport, Connecticut
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 Arthur M. Sather-----Bismarck, North Dakota
 Fred B. Stephens-----
 -----1216 E. Grove St., Bloomington, Ill.

PRIVATEs

Earl H. Brinker-----Jackson County, Melrose, Wis
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 Millard A. Coombs-----McClusky, North Dakota
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 Ray Cummings-----Steele, North Dakota
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 Charles Deitzman-----Dawson, North Dakota
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 Thomas Hannibal-----
 -----2903 S. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
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 Elmer W. Hove-----Bricelyn, Minnesota
 Anton Huncovsky-----Fort Rice, North Dakota

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Carl A. McDermott.....Dunseith, North Dakota
Fred A. McFarland.....Lacona, Iowa

PRIVATES

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Albert Maher | 397 3d St., Troy, New York |
| Edward L. Mailey | Golva, North Dakota |
| Gyles Markham | Dawson, North Dakota |
| Jacob L. Mathias | Enterprise, Iowa |
| Orville W. Messick | Waukegan, Ill. |
| Louis Michelotti | 776 Haight, San Francisco, Cal. |
| Colonel I. Miller | Shawnee, Oklahoma |
| Fred A. Miller | Sand Rapids, Minnesota |
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| Benny Morlas | 676 Stone Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Russell B. Mullin | |
| | 3123 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. |
| Joseph F. Murray | 210 Harrison St., Passiac, N. J. |
| Elenor W. Murdock | Dawson, North Dakota |
| Peder L. Nelson | Dalton, Minnesota |
| Albert Nielsen | Dennison, Iowa |
| Anthony P. Norman | |
| | 1214 N. 29th St., Philadelphia, Penn. |
| Gordon W. Playter | Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. |
| Hugh Reilly | 2479 N. 23rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. |
| Russell B. Retz | Converse, Indiana |

Harry A. Kingsbury-----Bismarck, North Dakota
Raphael Lyon-----Shields, North Dakota
Howard J. McColeman-----Flaxville, Montana
Thomas McClean-----Tappen, North Dakota
John McNally_331 N. Stricker St., Baltimore, Md.
Alfred E. Righetti-----
-----Santa Barabara Co., Orcutt, California
Maurice R. Roberts-----Weiser, Idaho
Robert B. Sours_1308 Marion St., St. Paul, Minn.
Anthony Stabile-----
-----104 N. Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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-----2215 Newton St., Springfield Gardens, N. Y.
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Floyd E. Tucker-----Beach, North Dakota
John VanTussenbrock-----
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Elwyn K. Waddell-----
-----1215 Merchants Bk. Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
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Lawrence D. Wilson_2715 19th Ave., Seattle, Wn.
Arvel E. Wolf_2206 Brownlee St., Marion, Ind.
Edward A. Wolfe_912 Scott Ave., Jeanette, Penn.
Howard Wunsch_1811 Mack Ave., Detroit, Mich.



FIELD HOSPITAL No. 161

We regret that a complete history of Field Hospital Number 161 could not be obtained to make up a part of this book, but since the Field Hospital and Field Ambulance were running mates during active service in France and were working together all the time from the time of leaving Thesee till we returned to the United States, with the exception of the time from August 5 to November 2, 1918, we feel that our interests and experiences were mutual and what applies to one company will in a great measure apply to the other. Many close friendships and pleasant associations were formed between the members of the two companies and so a roster with addresses of the men and officers of Field Hospital Number 161 is here appended.

ROSTER

OFFICERS

Major Wm. F. Smith---1303 Park St., Grinnell, Ia.
Major Alfred Helton ----- Yakima, Wash.
Capt. Ronald O. Logsdon, 908 N. Main St., Wichita,
Kansas.
Capt. Michael A. Rogers ----- Greenwich, N. Y.
Capt. D. G. Brunjes--Brunjes Park, Syracuse, Ind.
Capt. Ambler B. Patton ----- Athens, Ga.
Lieut. Wm. E. Buckley ----- Spring Valley, Wis.
Lieut. John B. Black--1339 Market St., Jackson-
ville, Fla.

ENLISTED PERSONEL

M. V. Allbright ----- Alexandria, Neb.
Emil F. Beer--23 Waverly Ave., Mamaronick, N. Y.
Julius Benedict, 311 Chamber St., West Hoboken,
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Sylvester Bisco, 311 Chamber St., West Hoboken,
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Gordon W. Brewster ----- Prairie Grove, Ark.
Walter Bunt--1052 Petaluma Ave., San Rafeal, Cal.
Gilbert W. Cass, 305 2nd Ave. N. W., Mandan, N. D.
Gerald S. Chapman ----- Winslow, Ariz.
John E. Christensen ----- Litchfield, N. D.
Emil Christiansen, c/o H. H. Cox, R. F. D. No. 5,
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Willard C. Detweiler, c/o Elks Club, Tacoma, Wn.
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Reginald H. Harper ----- Blackinton, Mass.
Charles E. Horn ----- Cowden, Ill.
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Kalman Klein ----- Blackwell, Okla.
John J. Lang ----- Carrington, N. Dak.

Everett Logsdon ----- Twin Falls, Idaho
Arthur E. Lundh ----- Minot, N. Dak.
J. Glenn Magee, 154 3rd Ave. E., Twin Falls, Idaho
Thos. W. Martin, 107 Pearl St., Cleremont, N. H.
Jesse L. Moyer ----- Emmett, Idaho
Earl Munyon ----- Filer, Idaho
Boyd E. Nero ----- Bottineau, N. Dak.
Robert T. Newans ----- Drayton, N. Dak.
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Tony Peppe ----- 317 Walnut St., Camden, N. J.
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Peter Prunty, 149 E. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.
Charles Reays-----R. F. D. No. 1, Colton, Cal.
Dewey E. Records ----- Turlock, Cal.
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Thos. L. Ricks -- 761 2nd Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
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Russell C. Paxton, 147 High St., Gettysburg, Pa.
Fred B. Dunbar ----- Klamath Falls, Ore.
Fred L. Parks ----- Galatia, Ill.
Russell A. Buchanan ----- Ashland, Ohio
Virgil J. Jones ----- Newkirk, Okla.
Fred J. Allam ----- Homer, Ontario, Canada
Alfred M. Kronberger, 920 Union St., San Fran-
cisco, Cal.
Raymond R. Schlemmer ----- Bremen, Indiana

John P. Mannion, (Deceased) formerly, 19 Walker St., Concord, N. H.
 Arthur D. Scott, (Deceased) recently of Milner, Idaho.
 Orion L. McNown ----- La Grande, Ore.
 Arthur W. McDade ----- Geneva, Alabama
 Paul P. Kalt----- 698 Cramer St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Ralph Johnson, 698 Kramer St., Milwaukee, Wis.
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 Chas. E. Burns-----607 Wood St., Bristol, R. I.
 Russell W. Bertholf, 1105 N. Sycamore St., Creston, Iowa.
 Samuel L. Hanson ----- Bowden, N. Dak.
 Wm. H. Neilley ----- 624 Fort St., Boise, Idaho
 Harold C. Wagner, c/o G. G. Wagner, Detroit, Mich.
 Wm. H. Dowden ----- Libertyville, Ill.
 John E. Waller ----- La Grande, Ore.
 Reymer E. Ward ----- Woodsville, N. H.
 Leo P. Ryan-----c/o Troy Hospital, Troy, N. Y.
 Percy J. Schnetz, 1083 Kinnickinnic Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Fred B. Read ----- La Grande, Ore.
 Chas. G. Piper ----- Quimby, Me.

Robert H. Perkins, 55 Abbott Ave., Waterbury, Conn.
 Raymond A. Partlow ----- Bartlett, Texas
 William Musil-----2106 Lawn St., Racine, Wis.
 Harvey J. Oleson ----- Hutchinson, Minn.
 Lide McMahon, c/o M. J. McMillen, Lamar, Colo.
 Percy J. Knapp ----- Ely St., Allegan, Mich.
 Miles E. Baldwin, Jr., 29 Crescent St., Providence, Rhode Island.
 Frank M. Rogers, 1203 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, California.
 Frank G. DeKay ----- Boise, Idaho
 Guy A. Watson, c/o John V. Watson, Loyalist, Alberta, Canada.
 Meyer Weinger ----- Centerville Station, N. Y.
 Chas. A. White, c/o Wm. H. White, Herford, N. C.
 Richard Wiersema, 424 Harrison St., Gary, Ind.
 Willie S. Willis ---- Rocky Mount, North Carolina
 John T. Wilson, 205 W. Acoquina St., Visalia, Cal.
 Ernest W. Winkle ----- Filer, Idaho
 Leonard A. Winkle ----- Filer, Idaho
 Attee Witherow ----- Marion, North Carolina
 Thos. S. Woodie ----- Buhl, Idaho

[FINIS]

